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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 18, 1943
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXV No. 2291 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DEC. 18 1943

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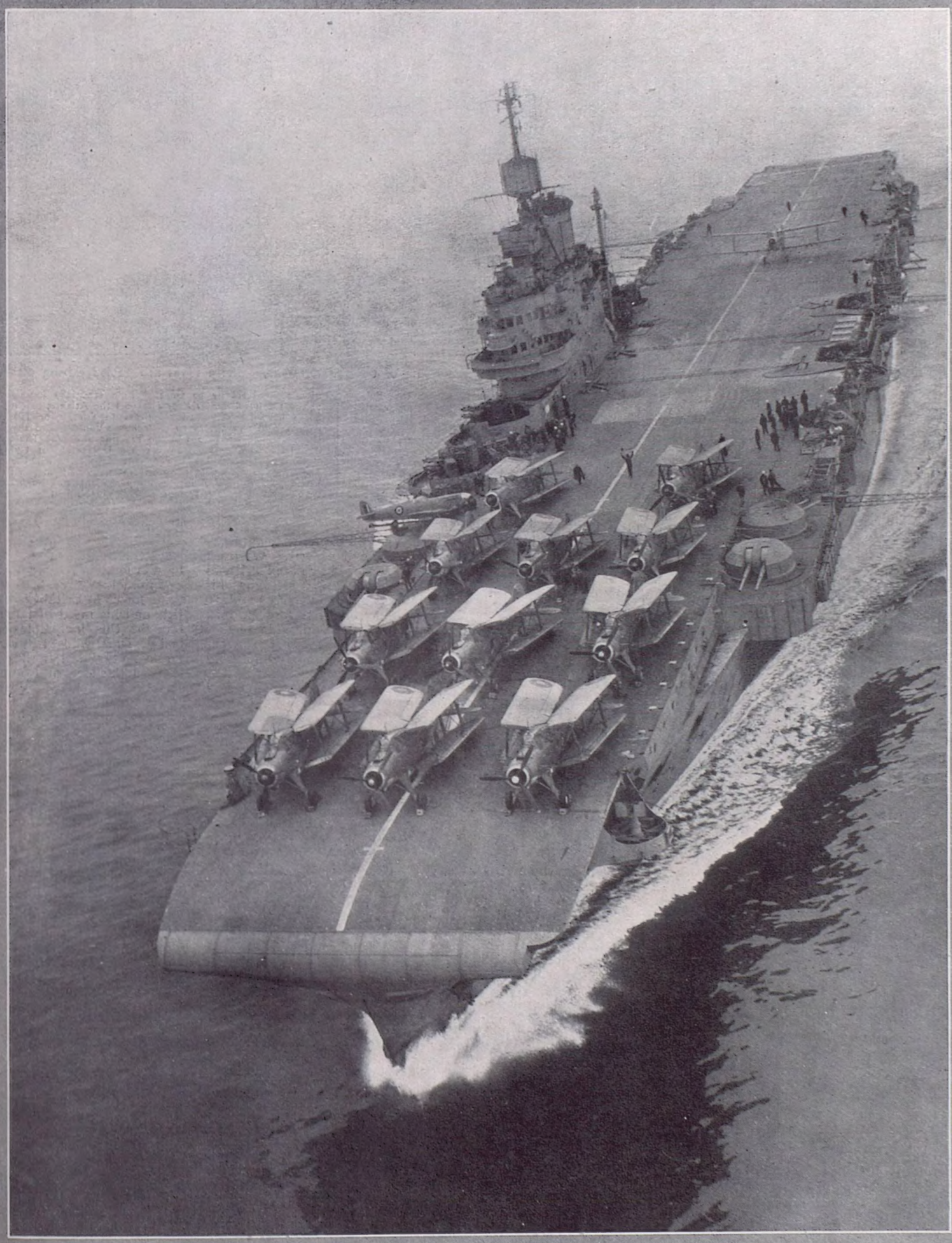
Volume CLXXV No. 2291 The SPHERE, London, December 18, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



BRITAIN'S NEWEST AND BIGGEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF H.M.S. "INDOMITABLE" just released for publication. The big Carrier is here steaming at speed with Albacore torpedo-bombers ranged up on her flight-deck

It is not often that such an overhead view of a flight-deck is allowed to be published—for security reasons, as it shows a considerable amount of detail not normally permitted to be made public. *Indomitable* is one of our newest Carriers ; there are two others of her class and, possibly, more are building. She was ordered in July 1937 ; begun in November of the same year ; and completed during 1941. With a displacement of 23,000 tons, *Indomitable* carries a complement of 1,600 officers and men : she has a length of 760 ft. and a beam of 95 ft. 9 in. It is known that her speed is 32 knots, but details of her armament and armour and the number of aircraft carried on board have not yet been reported. The aeroplanes with folded wings seen on the flight-deck above are Albacores—torpedo-spotter-reconnaissance aircraft which operate with a crew of two or three according to the nature of the operation being carried out : the wings can be folded back, so that the planes can be stored below in the ship's hangars

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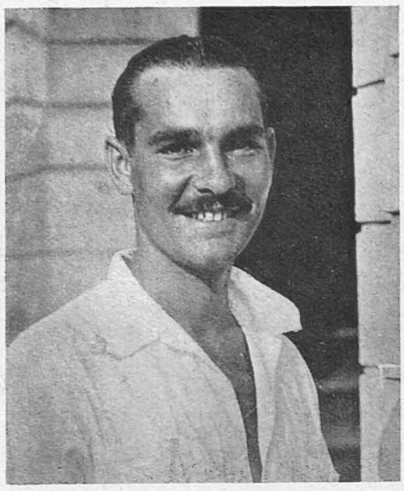
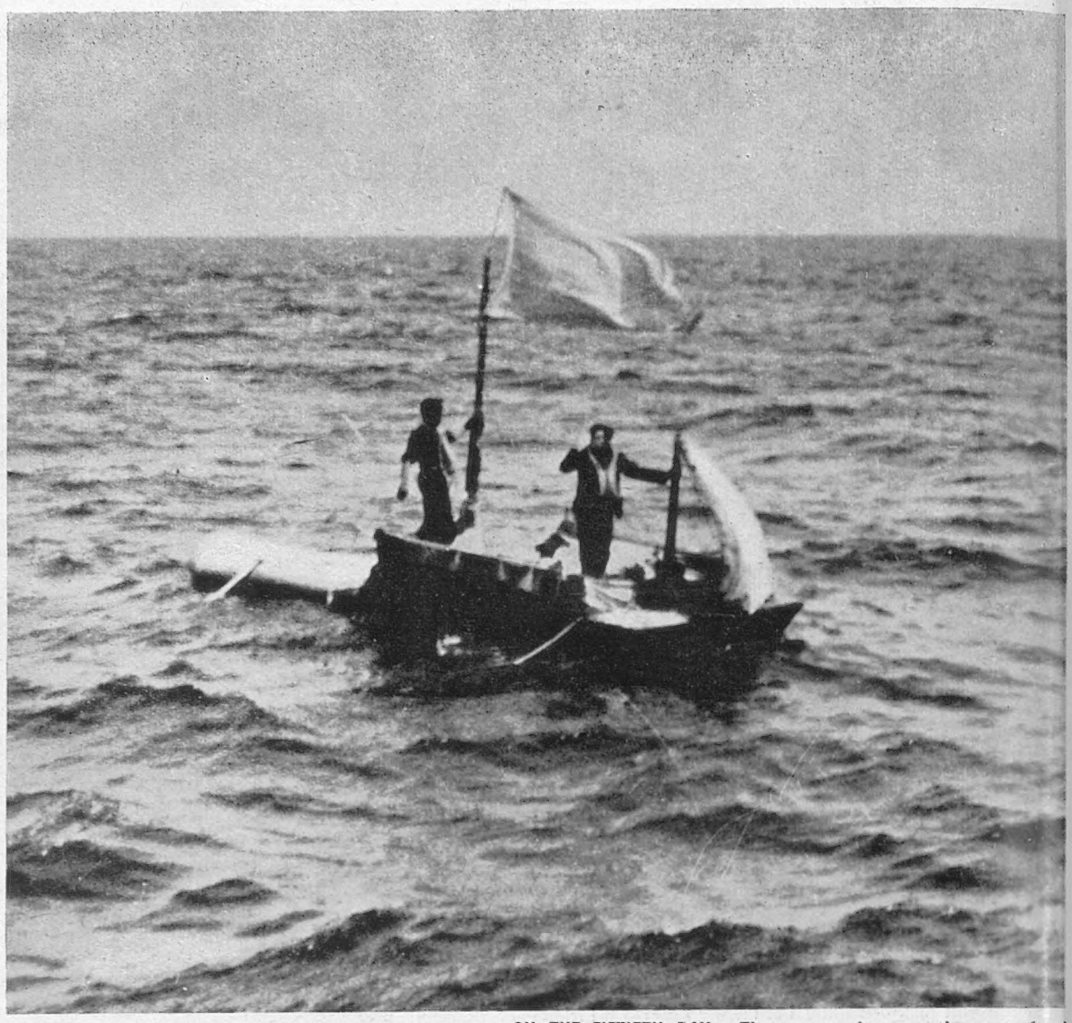
FIFTY DAYS on a RAFT in the SOUTH ATLANTIC

The Epic Story of Two Survivors of a Torpedoed Merchantman

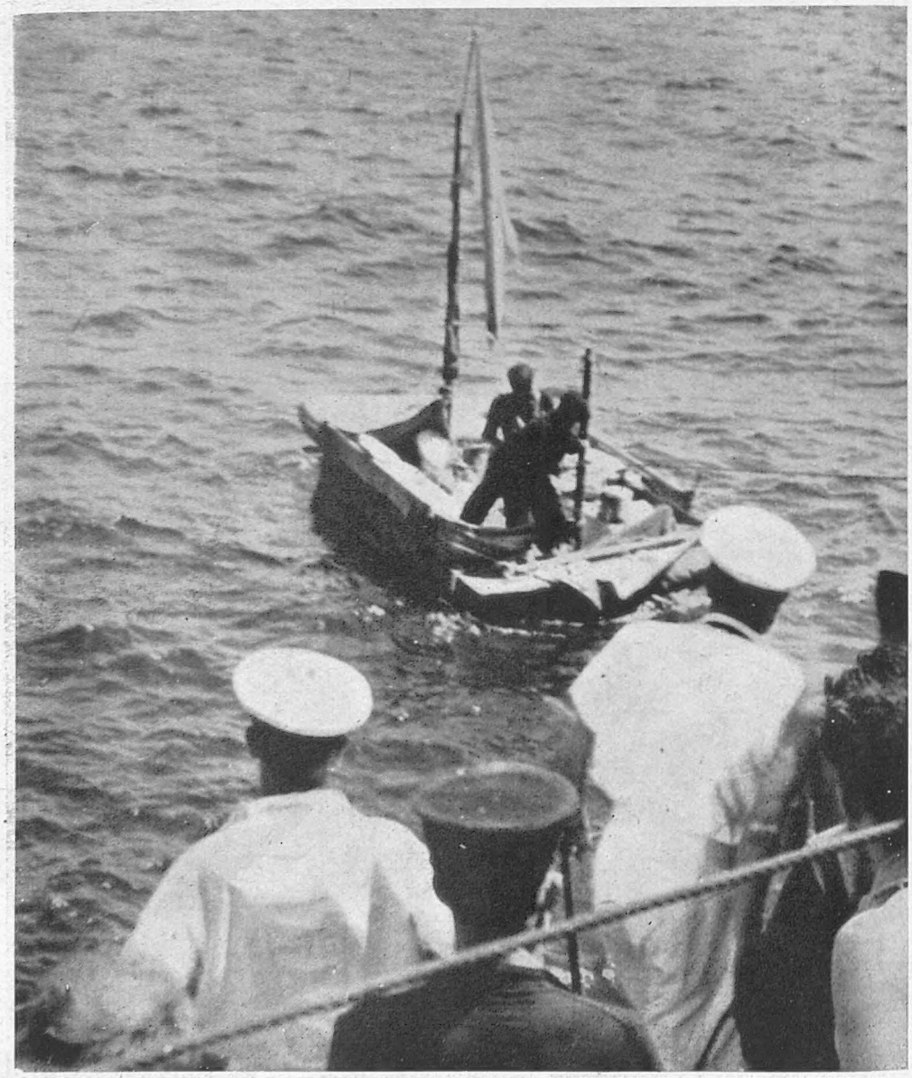


SHIP'S CARPENTER KENNETH COOKE after his recuperation from his nightmare ordeal. He and the other survivor have been awarded the George Medal

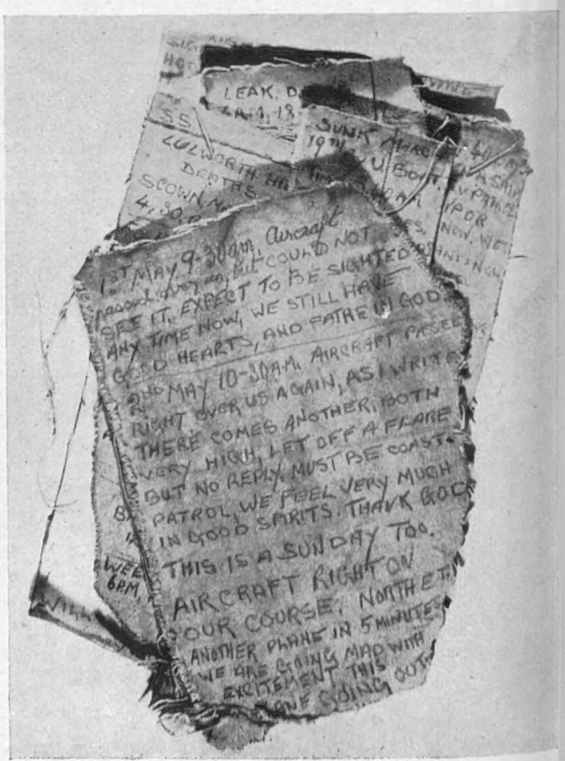
The pictures on this page show the dramatic rescue of Ship's Carpenter Kenneth Cooke, G.M., of Bridlington, and A. B. Colin Armitage, of Melton, Yorks., the only two men who survived the terrible ordeal of fifty days on a raft in the South Atlantic. Sixteen men escaped death when their ship was torpedoed. All were aboard the raft—only to die one by one till only two remained. Throughout the whole of the time, Ship's Carpenter Cooke kept a diary which he wrote on pieces of sailcloth. A typical paragraph in his log reads: "Now 40 days at sea, not seen a thing but water and water. Looking for a ship or plane any day now. We must be near land, many birds seen around us now. The past week has brought many sharks to us, six to eight any time you look. Still two of us are left, but we are getting very weak. Can't stand up now. We will stick it to the end." Two days later he describes how, on more than one occasion, aircraft flew right over them, but were unable to see the distress signals. A week later his diary reads: "49 days, when will it all end? Sending out many S O S. Hope it will bring ship. Sea too rough for aircraft to land." The following day, which he describes as the greatest day of his life, the destroyer H.M.S. *Rapid* went alongside and took the men aboard. The latter were so weakened by their terrible experience that they had to be carried



ON THE FIFTIETH DAY: The two survivors as they were found by the destroyer "Rapid." When the warship went alongside the raft to take the men aboard, they were so weak that both had to be carried



AS THE DESTROYER CLOSED WITH THE RAFT, both Cooke and Armitage managed to stagger to their feet, each clutching the mast to hold themselves upright, but they were too exhausted to climb aboard and had to be lifted up on to the deck



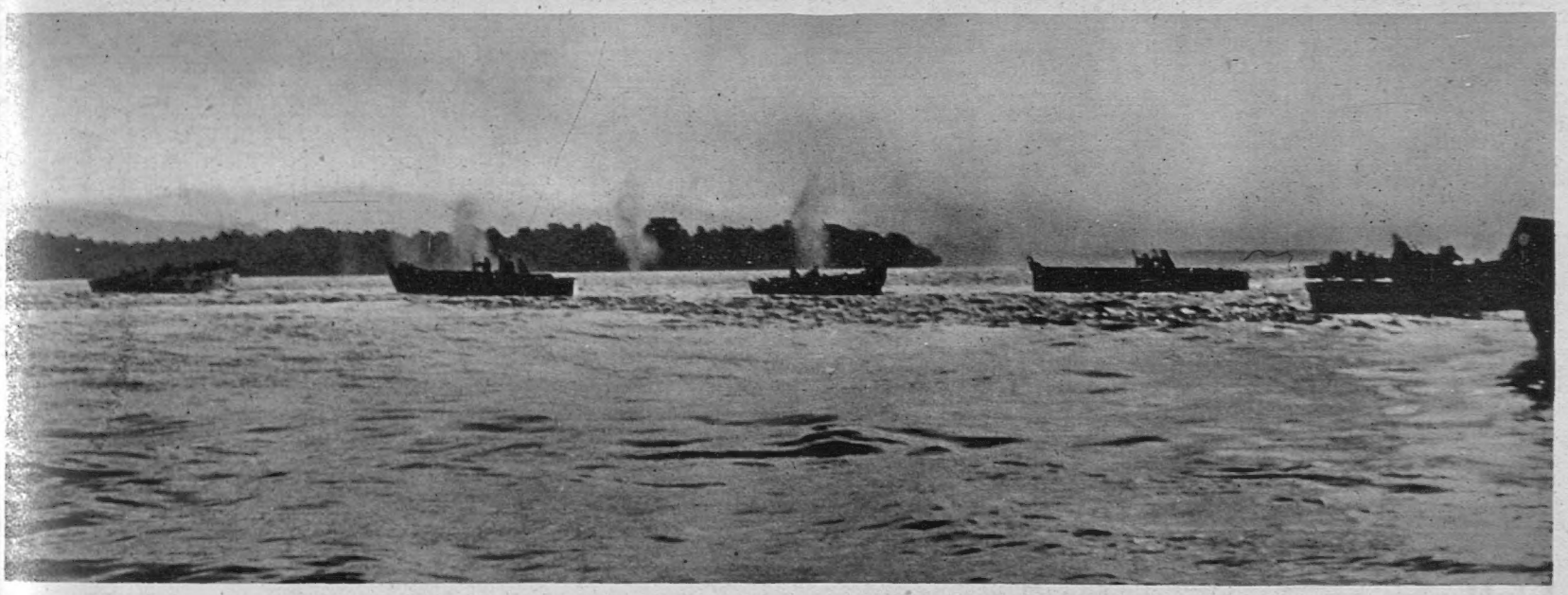
PART OF THE CANVAS DIARY KEPT BY KENNETH COOKE, the ship's carpenter, during the fifty days spent on board the raft in the South Atlantic

THE AMERICANS LAND ON BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND

And Capture the Last of the Big Jap Strongholds in the Solomon Group
(see *also pp. 372-3 of this issue*)

THE LEADERS WATCH THE LANDING OPERATIONS: General Alexander A. Vandergrift (on left), Commander of the invading Marines, and Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson (centre), who commanded the invasion fleet, watching the first waves go ashore on November 1 from the bridge of an American warship

SUPPLIES COME ASHORE FOR THE MARINES AFTER THEY HAD SECURED THE BEACHES. With the bridgehead cleared of Japanese opposition, Marine landing-barges were able to ride right up on to the sandy beaches to disgorge supplies and more equipment for the fighting men. Bougainville Island was the last Jap stronghold in the Solomons. Note in this picture the tractor and jeep already ashore



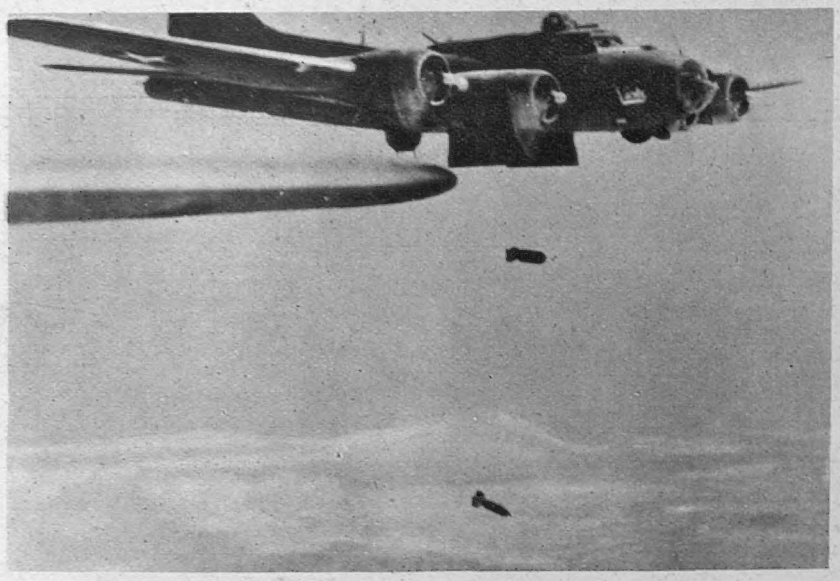
THE FIRE FROM THE JAPS ON LAND FAILED TO HALT THE AMERICAN MARINES as they made their way inshore in landing craft. The water towers high into the air as the Jap missiles splash into Empress Augusta Bay, narrowly missing the vessels which brought the men into the attack on November 1

MARINES IN THEIR JUNGLE CAMOUFLAGE head into the bush in search of the Japs. They used trained hounds to scent the enemy out: these hounds also do first-aid work, finding wounded men and bringing assistance; and they carry messages quickly through the dense jungle

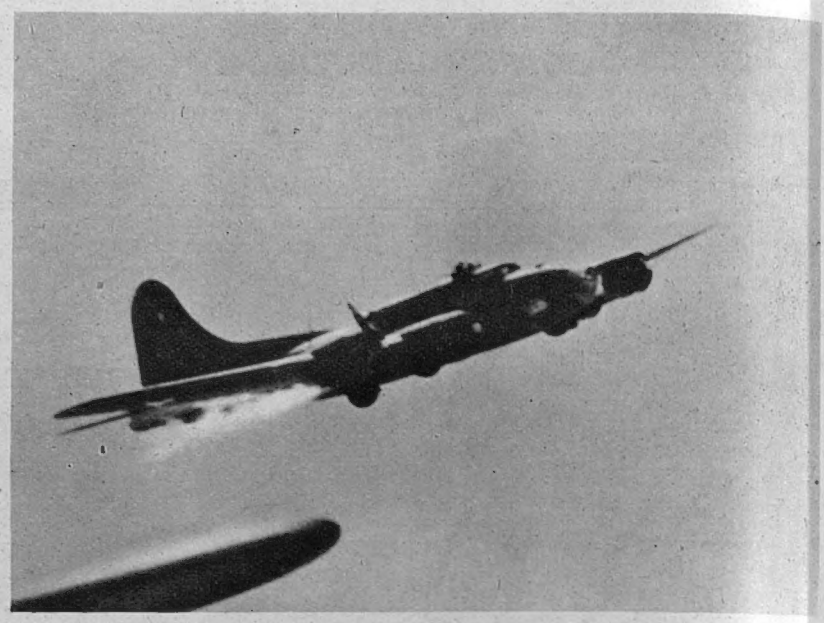
WAIST-DEEP IN WATER, the American Marines wade ashore on to the island. An assault boat is beached alongside, its starboard anti-aircraft gun ready. In a combined land-sea-air operation the U.S. Marines made successful landings on Bougainville Island on November 1. This is the most northerly of the Solomon Group, and was the last stronghold of the Japs in this region. The landings were made at Empress Augusta Bay, on the west coast of the island: this move, representing an advance of 200 miles, "by-passed" the strategically important Buin-Faisi position. Little ground opposition was met, and Japanese aircraft in moderate strength from Rabaul, which attempted to interfere, were driven off by Allied fighters. At night a Japanese naval force of twelve cruisers and destroyers attempting to interfere with the landings was intercepted by a U.S. naval force forty miles off Empress Augusta Bay. In a ninety-minute engagement a Japanese cruiser and four destroyers were sunk, and hits were scored on two other cruisers and two destroyers: the Japanese subsequently retired, no U.S. surface vessels being lost, though damage and casualties were suffered. The U.S. warships shot down seventeen of sixty-seven enemy planes supporting the Japanese naval forces. Prior to the landings, U.S. cruisers and other warships heavily shelled Empress Augusta Bay, as well as Buka airfield, while heavy "neutralising" raids, all highly successful, were made by the Fifth U.S.A.A.F. on many of the enemy's air bases (see *also* pp. 372-3 of this issue)

LAST FLIGHT of a FLYING FORT

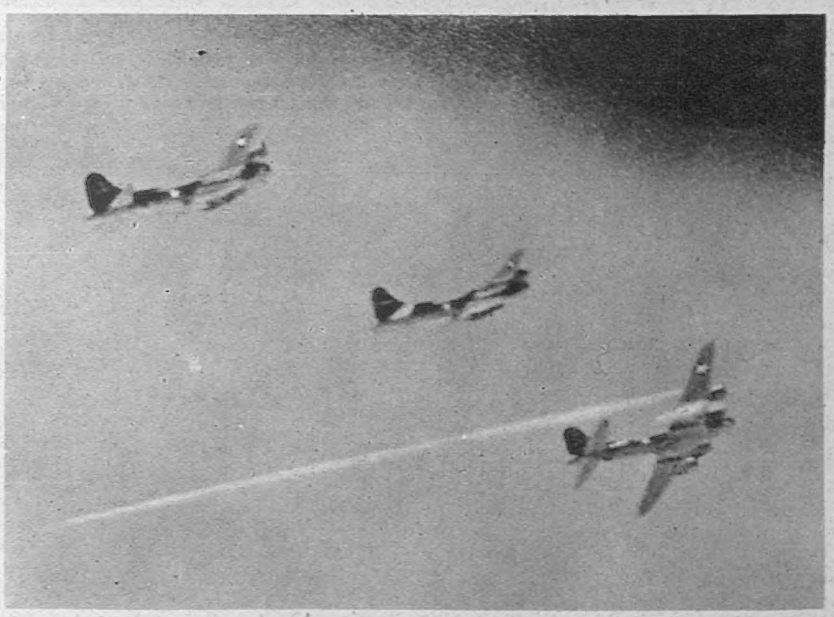
The End of "Vicky" over Italy: Four Dramatic Pictures Showing the Break-up of a Stricken Bomber



1. AFTER THE "VICKY" HAD BEEN HIT, she drops her bomb-load before attempting to make a forced landing in hostile territory



2. A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DAMAGE TO THE BOMBER after the enemy's shell had set part of the aircraft on fire

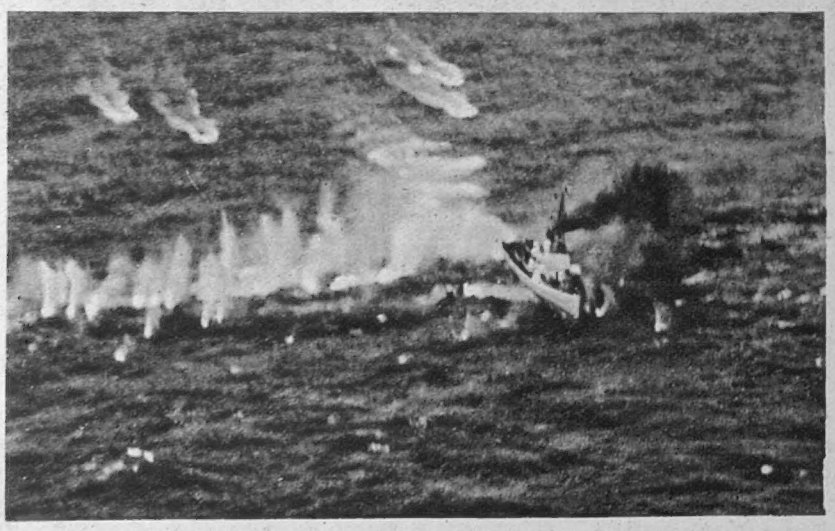


3. SURROUNDED BY OTHER FORTRESSES, the pilot is now beginning to pull his aircraft away from the rest of the bomber formation

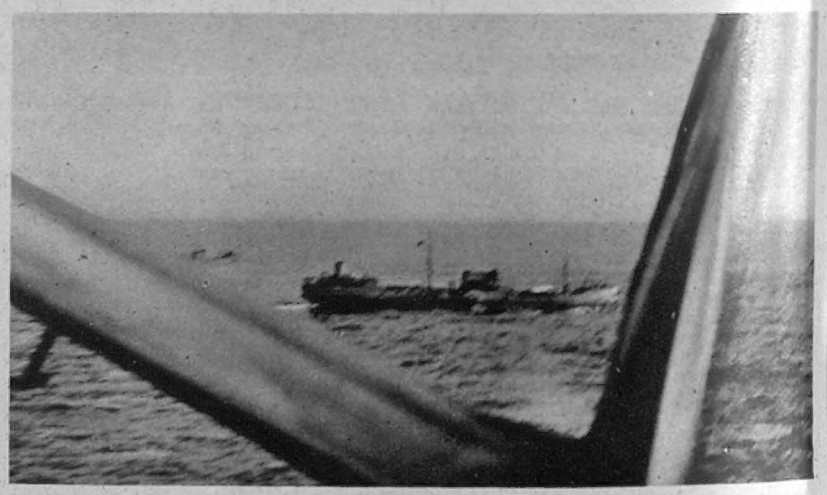
4. THE AIRCRAFT DISINTEGRATES IN MID-AIR, but at least two of the crew are seen to have got clear by parachute

This series of very striking photographs show a Flying Fortress named "Vicky" catching fire and breaking up during a raid on enemy-held territory in Italy. The pictures were taken from other Fortresses on the same bombing mission. The first of the series—upper left—depicts bombs dropping from the "Vicky's" bomb bay. In the upper right photograph, the plane has been hit and flames are seen pouring from the rear of the inner starboard engine nacelle. In the lower left, the pilot is trying to pull his stricken aircraft away from the bomber formation, leaving a trail of smoke and flame: the wing by this time has caught fire. In the final photograph, the plane has broken up: the starboard wing, from the inside engine to the tip, has disintegrated, and the leading edge of the stub and the port wing are flaming. To the left may be seen the tail assembly, which has been torn from the fuselage, probably by the stress of the violent manœuvring on the fire-weakened framework. Two parachutes may be seen in the air, just opening

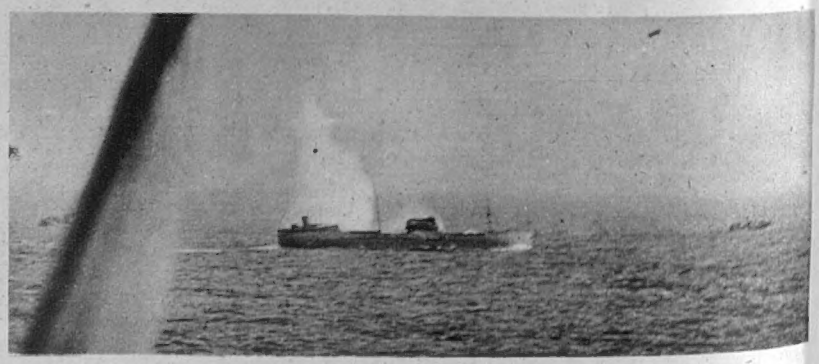
COASTAL COMMAND ATTACK A GERMAN CONVOY



A BEAUFIGHTER ATTACKS ONE OF THE ENEMY MINESWEEPERS off the Dutch coast with gunfire: A large tanker was hit amidships by a torpedo, one minesweeper and one armed trawler were left on fire, and two other armed trawlers and one minesweeper were seriously damaged when a Coastal Command Beaufighter wing attacked an enemy convoy off the Dutch coast recently. The attack by the Beaufighters (which were escorted by Spitfires) was led by Squadron-Leader H. Shannon, of Belfast. His aircraft was hit by shells, which blew away most of the underpart of the instrument panel and put the inter-com. telephone out of commission. But although wounded the Squadron-Leader brought his plane safely back to base



THE ENEMY TANKER A SECOND BEFORE IT WAS HIT BY A TORPEDO. The stern of the vessel is sitting lightly in the water, and the funnel, it will be observed, is upright and parallel to the masts



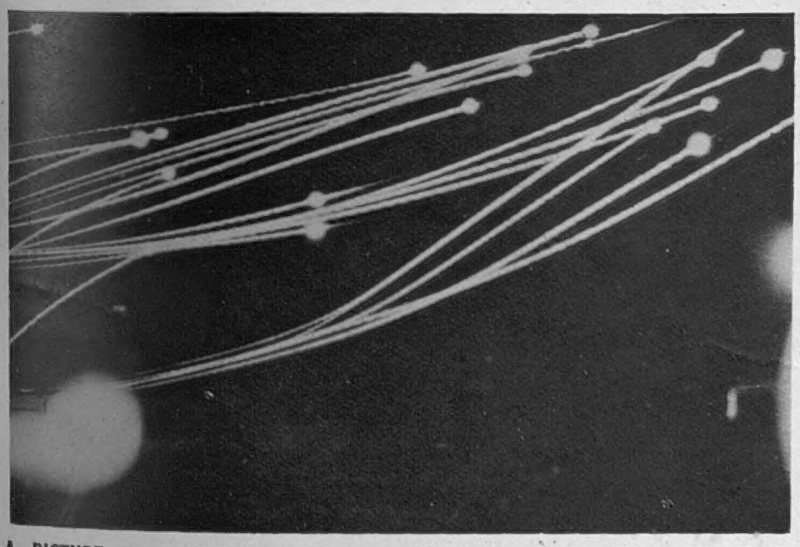
JUST AFTER THE TORPEDO HIT THE TANKER. The stern is now sagging in the water, and the funnel is no longer parallel to the masts, indicating that the torpedo broke the vessel's back forward of the aft superstructure

A PICTURE TAKEN BY AN R.A.F. CAMERA DURING A HEAVY ATTACK BY NIGHT ON HAMBURG as the aircrart from which the photograph was taken flew over the target area with its camera shutter open. Intense light flak tracer etched this strangely beautiful pattern on the sensitive plate

PATTERNS IN THE NIGHT SKY

Vivid Impressions Recorded by the Cameras During R.A.F. Raids over Germany and Occupied Europe

The three remarkable night photographs reproduced here show how the fantastic patterns of enemy tracer fire are recorded by the cameras carried in R.A.F. aircraft whilst making heavy attacks on objectives in enemy and enemy-held territory. As the planes cross the target area, the camera shutters are opened: the play of light from flak and tracer bullets is then recorded on the sensitised plate in the manner depicted here



A PICTURE MADE DURING A NIGHT OPERATION OVER BREST. This shows the tracks of self-destroying tracer, the final explosion of each bullet being marked by a "light bubble"

On right—**AT NIGHT OVER DUNKIRK. Light tracer (presumably from machine-guns) is seen at A and A1: heavier tracks are seen at B, their point of origin being marked by the muzzle flames on the ground at C: the other tracks at D are caused by incendiary fires started by the bombers**

A NEW CORNER ON EUROPE'S WAR MAP

The New "Ruhr" Created by the Nazis in Silesia, which is Now Ripe for Attack by Air Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is possible and even likely that the first concrete military outgrowth of the Anglo-Soviet-American dovetailing of plans for the joint closing-in upon Germany will take the shape of heavy air attack from south and east on a hitherto immune, though mountingly crucial area of Hitler's war production: Upper Silesia.

One of the two or three "super" targets of the whole war in Europe is here presented, nothing less than a huge dynamo of Nazi war-waging covering some 160 square miles and enclosing a population of over two million priority workers in what is little short of one straggling industrial city. And as several place-names will be new to the communiques when the curtain rises on this latest corner of Europe at war, most of us will do well to study the map, if the way in which a British Prime Minister was once sent to the bottom of the class for not knowing where Teschen was, be any criterion.

What looks to lie ahead is a repeat Battle of the Ruhr, fought at notably greater distances from Allied air bases and affecting a total target area not quite two-thirds that of the inner Ruhr. Moreover, approaches will be mountainous by certain routes, as against the flat flight from England to Essen. Yet, in the Allies' favour, should be the *Luftwaffe's* inability to put up as stiff a defence of Upper Silesia—especially in night-fighters—as protected the Ruhr, while there should be possibilities of shuttle homings to base—south to east and vice-versa—such as are apt to baffle the enemy's pursuit attack. As an illustration, the course of a bomber from Foggia, over Upper Silesia, and on to the Kieff region would not be much more than 1,150 miles, or roughly the same distance as to Berlin and back, from East Anglia. This, of course, presupposes that there is something in the story of Marshal Stalin having agreed to British and United States bombing forces using airfields on the Russian Front—the crews could fly thither, from Syria via the Caucasus—though the transport of ground personnel and of the whole paraphernalia of action would doubtless mean the slow Persian detour. If Turkey should give transit facilities . . . but I come back to earth.

The earth of Upper Silesia appears first to have attracted Frederick the Great, from the special standpoint of its value to battling armies. Here lay unplumbed deposits of coal, iron and zinc of the finest quality. But the region was almost ungetatable, next to no means of transport existing, and so Frederick built a canal from the Oder to the heart of the basin at Gleiwitz, a 20-mile waterway which still affords the sole barge communication with outside.

To Silesia's remoteness was added a second obstacle to development, with the rise of Krupps in the latter part of the nineteenth century: Germany had no pressing need of a duplicate heavy industry in the east. It took the undreamt-of armaments hunger of the last war to provoke such need and then Upper Silesia experienced a general boom. The getting of hard-coal was greatly augmented; the zinc and iron mines absorbed twice the number of workers; big electric power stations and nitrate plants were constructed; steel output soared; smaller factories of all sorts sprouted; and the whole area was criss-crossed with railways and tramlines.

So rich an asset had Upper Silesia become by the time its German builders lost their hold in 1918, that a first-class rumpus developed at the Peace Conference when Polish and Czech claimants fought it out with those who wished to conserve a part of the basin for defeated Germany, the upshot being that a Franco-British Expeditionary Force had to hold the scales, locally, during a plebiscite in 1920, an unsatisfactory remedy, as events were to prove, and one which, let us hope, will not be reproduced.

Big slices of the basin were amputated from the Reich, but even when the outlook was at its poorest, in the middle 'twenties, the Germans were not to be shaken off, as they proved by founding the brand new industrial centre of Hindenburg to compensate for the loss to Poland of Beuthen and Kattowice. On the strength of moneys lent by her recent enemies, the Germans vigorously expanded what was left to them of this new war-production zone, and when the Nazis came into power, the process became feverish. Hitler had long seen how all of Upper Silesia, as he intended to grasp it, would be an imperative second string to the Ruhr for the formidable campaigns he might have to wage, should others refuse to bow peacefully to him.

The next act was staged after the overrunning of Poland in 1939. This meant that the whole industrial area of Upper Silesia could be welded into a single entity and the resultant enormous accretion of German power to wage war may be gauged from the following few figures showing Hitler's gains by the amalgamation: 53 coal mines, 12 iron ore mines, 22 zinc foundries, 15 iron and steel foundries, 23 blast furnaces, 9 rolling-mills, together with a fresh iron ore reserve of nearly 16,000,000 tons. And ever since then, during nigh four and a half years, the whole basin has shown successive freak expansions under the urgencies of war on a scale beyond that bargained for.

To begin with, colossal war in the east demanded local expansion, Upper Silesia being so much closer than Essen to the U.S.S.R., to say nothing of its propinquity to the Balkans. And then the demolition of 30 per cent. of the Ruhr's production capacity sent the Nazis thinking only of Silesia, so safely away from any chance of serious Allied air attack! First, the late Todt, next the Göring Combine, then Speer, finally, uprooted Krupps, descended on Upper Silesia to an extent that eventually changed the very face of the earth. An immense new industrial metropolis took shape roughly in a triangle formed by the towns of Gleiwitz, Hindenburg, Beuthen, Königshutte, Kattowice, Chorzow and Sosnowice. This is the target, so vital to Germany's continuance at war, that is now coming within range of sustained Allied bombing on a heavy, though not the heaviest, scale. Obstacles of distance, topography, and weather (persistent cold, foggy rain was my experience at this time of year) may rule out at least for a time blockbusters and other extreme punishment.

Principal wartime additions in the triangle or adjacently have included three great plants for producing oils from coal, factories turning out guns formerly made at Essen, from A.-A. barrels to big railway pieces, a great stepping-up of coal output to the region of 100,000,000 tons a year, many blast furnaces and chemical factories, together with a whole string of shadow factories making tools, components and spares. Work is said to be carried on in day and night shifts of 12 hours, and as so many are foreigners, largely Poles, a system of fierce discipline runs beside high pay and special comforts for the German element. Results against this hive are not going to be as readily obtainable as they were in the Ruhr, for, quite apart from distance, in the famous Silesian triangle, the camouflage of new buildings has been carried to new heights, while many important establishments are located in wooded and hilly country off the beaten track, and others, again, have underground assembly shops. This is the last word by Hitler in protecting a war arsenal—some say Upper Silesia has displaced the broken Ruhr as War Arsenal No. 1—from the unpredictable destroyers of the skies.

It therefore devolves that the attacks will have to be on the inhabited agglomeration as a whole with a view to putting the life of the area as much out of action as possible. This will mean the bombing of two million people, many of them our friends, but, a war arsenal now being recognised as no less legitimate a target than a battlefield, it is too late for critics to protest. Such-like would be better engaged dissecting the causes of war than holding up their hands in pious horror at its effects.

As sure a way of slowing-up production in the Silesian triangle, as any direct hits on plant, is to disrupt the rail and motor transport network which is drawn more tightly than anywhere else, owing to the paucity of waterways, and to render a good part of the agglomeration uninhabitable by rubbing out living quarters and by injuring light and water supplies and communications of all kinds.

What can be done, is to advise the foreign workers well in advance of what is coming, so that they may extract safety measures from their slave-masters, as French workers have done in the Nord, and take such protective action for themselves and their families, as lies in their power. Such warnings will have the further effect of stimulating the (chiefly) Poles to synchronise their sabotage, already considerable, with the Allied air attacks.

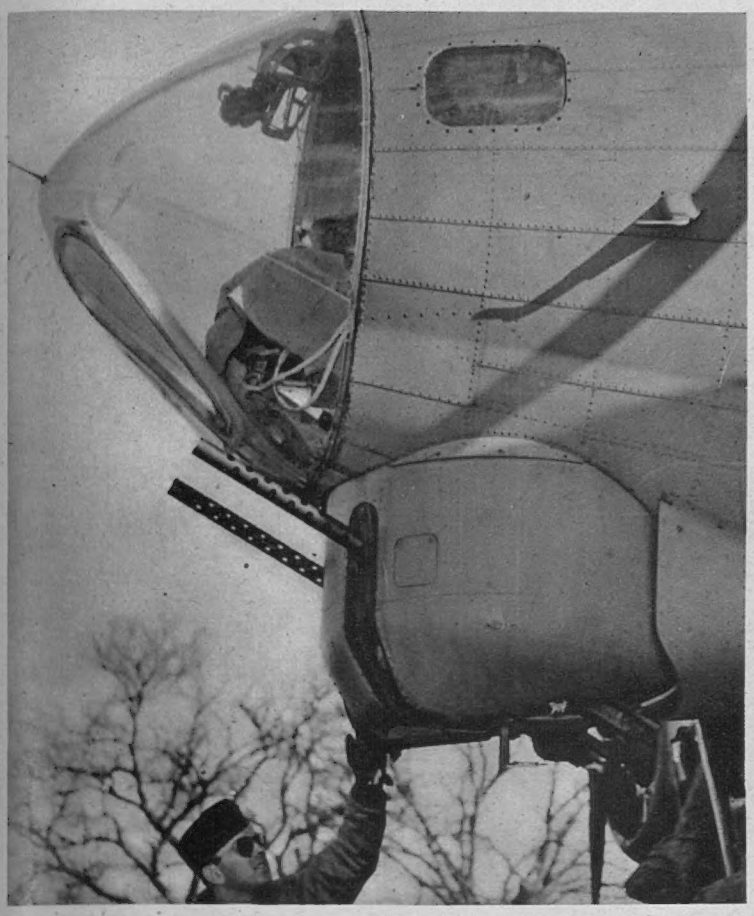
It is one of the ghastly aspects of this war that our friends have to be among the most heavily bombed, thanks to Nazi diabolism, but one thing we do owe such unhappily placed ones is a clear statement of all the surrounding facts—and hopes.

When the bombing of Upper Silesia gets under way, there will be other important targets in the vicinity should it not be always practicable to press home the attack on the triangle. Coming from the south, Allied bombers will fly over a narrow section of Bohemia and Moravia, only less industrialised than Upper Silesia itself. While, north-west of the triangle, in the direction of Breslau, the bombed-out Nazi Government is said to be taking over hide-outs. In any case, there is a definite migration of Germans closely woven into the war effort, to this south-eastern tip of the Reich.

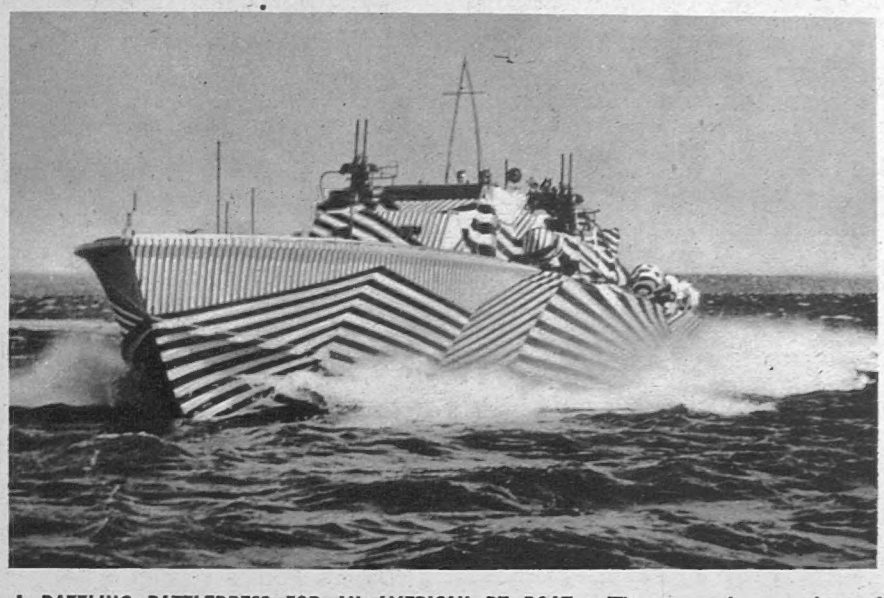
And, speaking of migration, that may be a word worth keeping in mind when the time comes to split up the Silesian triangle once more, returning slices to rightful owners. Shall the Germans be left squatting on their slice, so highly powered for future war-waging? Can they be controlled or bought out? Mightn't it be wiser to enforce a German migration? It would be a relatively small exodus compared with some of the migrations we shall see.

THE BRITISH SERVICE CHIEFS WHO HAVE TO IMPLEMENT THE DECISIONS OF THE "BIG THREE." This picture was taken in the Middle East after the return from the Teheran Conference. Included in those seen above are Lt.-General Sir Hastings Ismay (second from left—Chief of Staff to Mr. Winston Churchill); Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham (First Sea Lord); General Sir Alan Brooke (Chief of the Imperial General Staff); and Field-Marshal Sir John Dill (British Military Member of the Joint Staff Mission in Washington). Other pictures of the Teheran Conference itself will be found on pp. 362-3 of this issue

PHASES of the WAR EFFORT—Mainly American

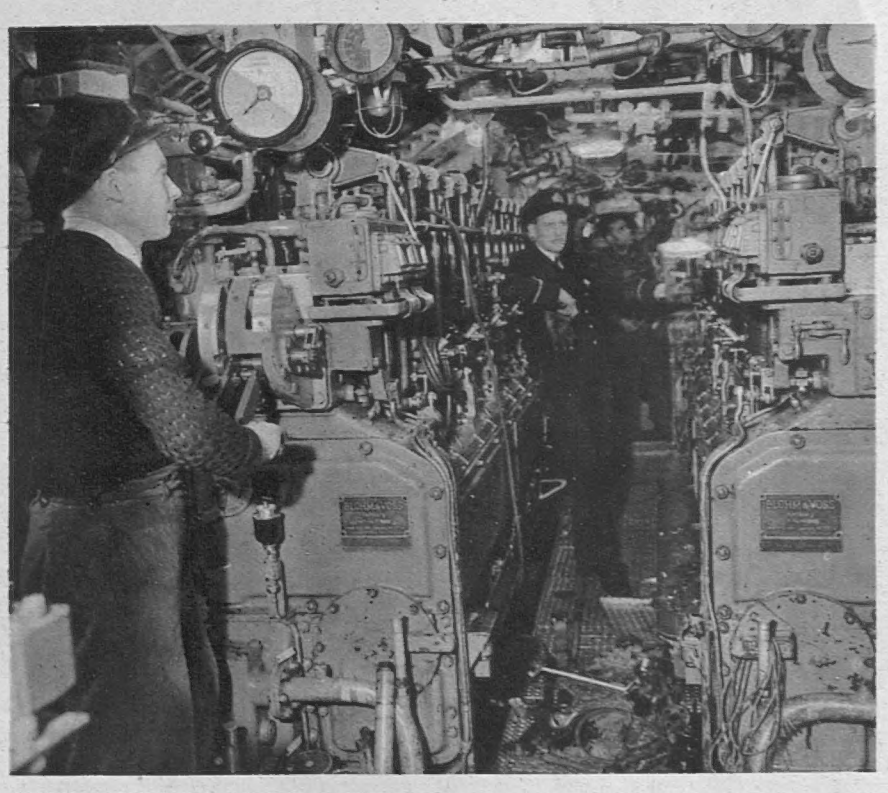


ANOTHER PICTURE OF THE NEW "CHIN TURRET" ON THE FLYING FORTRESS: Recently in this journal we published a picture showing the new nose turret installed in Flying Fortresses operating in the European Theatre of War. Here is another view showing how the "chin turret" provides greater angles for fire and more positive sighting mechanism: in addition, it also has sufficient ammunition for its 250-calibre machine-guns to discourage head-on attacks by enemy fighters. Electrically-driven, the "chin turret" is operated by the bombardier. The ammunition for the guns is placed on rollers flowing into the weapons and the empty cartridge cases and links are thrown clear of the aircraft



A DAZZLING BATTLEDRESS FOR AN AMERICAN PT BOAT: These very fast patrol vessels carry the heaviest armament of any ship of their size in the U.S. Navy. Eighty feet in length, they carry four torpedoes, depth-charges and rapid-fire guns. Great numbers of them have been built since the outbreak of the war, and they have performed valuable duties around the American coast. The camouflage of the above specimen has been designed to deceive any enemy gunners the vessel may encounter at sea

STILL ANOTHER TYPE OF AMERICAN LANDING CRAFT: This ship has been designed for landing tanks: it was built by the American Bridge Company on the Ohio River, and is here seen making a trial run before being turned over to a Navy Combat crew. Note the number and strength of the gantries on its deck



INSIDE A CAPTURED GERMAN U-BOAT: This picture was actually taken in February 1942, but it has only now been released from a secret file. It shows the engine-room of an enemy submarine captured by the Royal Navy. Note the name-plate of the builders—Blohm and Voss, of Hamburg, whose factories have since been destroyed in the R.A.F. raids on that city

THE LIGHTING RESTRICTIONS ARE EASED IN NEW YORK CITY AFTER TWO YEARS OF WAR: Two pictures taken after the "dim-out" had become a "brown out" Unlike London and other English cities, the black-out has never been severe in New York and the cities lining the eastern American seaboard; with the waning of the U-boat and bomber threats, however, the mild "dim-out" has been further relaxed; it is now what is described as a "brown-out." In other words, the lights of New York have once more been turned on so that Americans can travel by night with as much freedom as by day. The picture on the left, taken on November 1, when the "brown-out" came into effect, shows Times Square near the Astor Hotel; that on the right shows a somewhat subdued, but nevertheless, well-lit "Great White Way"

The TEHERAN MEETING

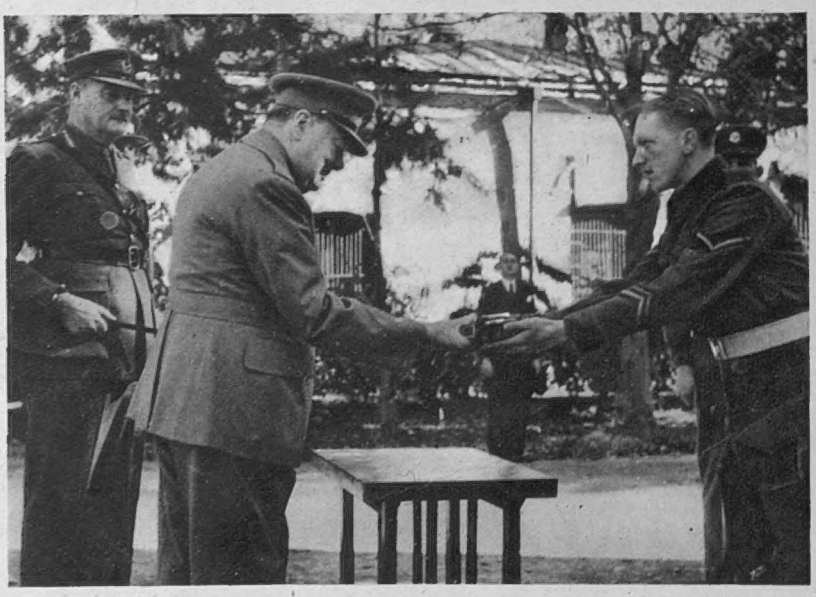
Pictures taken during the Stalin-Roosevelt-Churchill Conference, the First to be Held during this War

THE THREE LEADERS, MARSHAL STALIN, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND MR. CHURCHILL. Behind are other delegates and advisers present at the Conference: on the left is Mr. Harry Hopkins, of the United States; behind M. Stalin is M. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Secretary; alongside him is Mr. Averell Harriman, U.S. Ambassador to Moscow; Section Officer Sarah Oliver, W.A.A.F. (Mr. Churchill's daughter), and Mr. Anthony Eden are on the right

AN IMPRESSION OF MARSHAL STALIN wearing his new uniform and the Medal of Order of Lenin on the breast of his tunic

THE ALLIED CHIEFS OF STAFF AT TEHERAN: A picture taken on the steps of the Soviet Legation. Behind are Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, General Marshall (U.S.), Marshal Voroshilov, General Sir Alan Brooke and Admiral Leahy (U.S.)

MARSHAL STALIN shakes hands with the Prime Minister's daughter, Mrs. Oliver—a picture taken just before the official group seen in the upper left was photographed



ON MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S 69TH BIRTHDAY: Lance-Corporal Sutcliffe, of the Persia and Iraq Force, hands the Prime Minister a gift on behalf of his comrades: this was only one of a number of such presents

MR. CHURCHILL DONS A NEW AND ELEGANT CARACUL HAT which was presented to him on his birthday on behalf of the British Press Unit by Mr. Sinclair of the Press Division of the Ministry of Information

JUST BEFORE THE DINNER PARTY GIVEN BY MR. CHURCHILL at the Legation in Teheran on his 69th birthday. Marshal Stalin toasts the Allied Nations: he is still wearing his simple uniform, but Mr. Churchill has changed into a dinner jacket. Marshal Voroshilov is standing between the two statesmen, and Mr. Eden is on the Premier's right

THE SCENE AT THE DINNER TABLE. Mr. Churchill sat in the centre, with Marshal Stalin on his left and President Roosevelt on his right. There were thirty-four guests, of whom only one (Mrs. Sarah Oliver) was a woman. Marshal Stalin proposed the health of Mr. Churchill as "my fighting friend," and he was reported to be "the life and soul" of the party

THE SWORD OF STALINGRAD, gift of the King to the citizens in token of the homage of the British people, was handed over to Marshal Stalin by Mr. Churchill at a ceremony held in the Russian Embassy. Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill are saluting during the performance of the National Anthems. The Sword is lying in its case upon the table. Note the armed Russian guard in the background

THE SHAH OF PERSIA greets Mr. Churchill, on whom he paid a call at Teheran on the Premier's 69th birthday. The future status of the Shah's kingdom has now been guaranteed by the three Allies in a Special Declaration

MR. CHURCHILL INSPECTS HIS BIRTHDAY CAKE: This bore 69 candles and had a large V in icing on its top. At the dinner party at the British Legation it stood in the centre of the table. On the following morning the Prime Minister inspected a parade of the local garrison and units of the Persia-Iraq Force in the Legation compound: he was then presented with three birthday gifts jointly purchased by the officers and men. He was also the recipient of a number of other presents on this notable occasion

MARSHAL VOROSHILOV takes the Sword over to show it to President Roosevelt, while Mr. Churchill and Marshal Stalin look on. Behind Mr. Roosevelt is his son, and aide, Colonel Roosevelt

THE MARTIN MARS, WHICH WEIGHS 70 TONS, GOING THROUGH ITS PRELIMINARY TESTS. It has now been turned over to the Naval Air Transport Service and will be used to transport American fighting men and materials to distant theatres of war

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING-BOAT

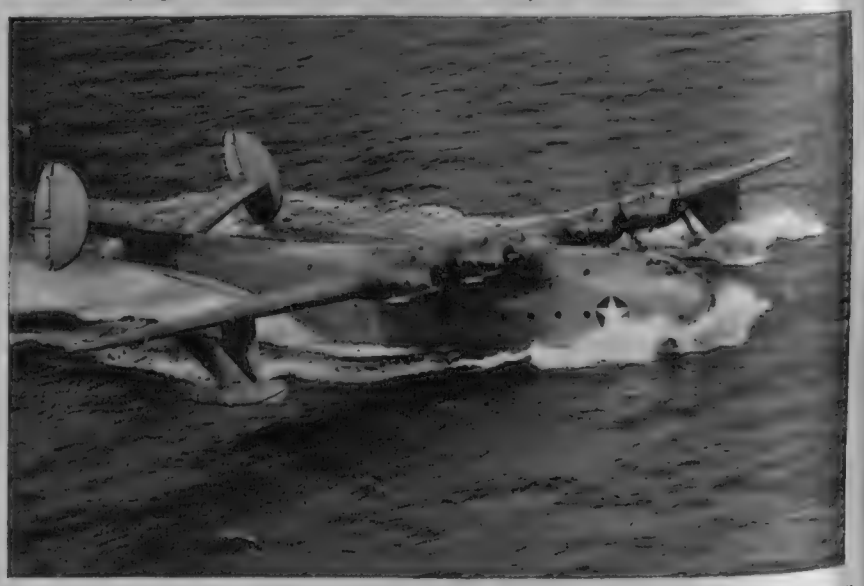
The Mars Undergoes a Series of Convincing Tests in the United States

When the Martin Mars was built as an experimental flying-boat, it was intended to carry a crew of eleven; it was equipped with powerful defensive armament; and had a capacity as a troop transport for 150 men with full equipment. It carried on board a collapsible motor lifeboat with an outboard engine, as well as several rubber life-saving rafts. At the end of 1942 the prototype was being converted to a freight carrier; in the process, it was stated that engines of greater output were being fitted.

The new seventy-ton aircraft is now the world's biggest, being two-thirds again as large as the biggest flying-boats now in service with the U.S. Naval Air Transport Service. It has a wing span of 200 ft. and a length of 117 ft.: its total cubic capacity is that of a fourteen-room house. Before being turned over to the Navy, Mars underwent preliminary trials during the course of which it flew non-stop for a period of 32 hours 17 minutes and covered a distance of 4,600 miles—equivalent to a flight from New York to Berlin and back to London. The structural tests included a power dive from an altitude of 13,000 ft: when pulled out, each wing withstood a gravity strain equivalent to 210 tons. A crew of twenty-two men were carried on board during the endurance test.

Mars is intended to be used to convey men and materials to distant parts of the world: not only can she carry a cargo of nearly half her own weight, but she can convey it to the remotest spot on the earth in less than five days

THE NOSE OF THE GIANT FLYING-BOAT: It can carry from fifteen to twenty tons of cargo and there is sleeping accommodation on board for thirty-two men



TWO VIEWS OF THE MARS IN FLIGHT: *On left*—Accompanied by a Buccaneer fighter just before being turned over to the U.S. Navy. *On right*—At the take-off for a non-stop test flight of 32 hours and 17 minutes, during which the aircraft flew 4,600 miles—equivalent to a trip from New York to Berlin and back to Britain

NEW IDEAS CONCERNING AIRBORNE TROOPS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN BATTLE ZONE. They can be landed close to the battle area, even though there may be no permanent aerodrome within miles; and they can go into action within a few hours after the decision has been made at Headquarters some hundreds of miles away—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

NEW PHASES IN AIR WARFARE

As Exemplified by Recent Operations in Italy and in the S.-W. Pacific

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

At one time during the landing operations at Salerno it was touch and go: some of the credit for saving the situation must go to the hundreds of airborne soldiers, who were flown to the scene of operations and sent straight into battle. They landed in their aircraft, not by parachute; this was made possible only by the development in rapid "airfield strip" construction, whereby aircraft can touch down immediately behind the actual fighting zone, even when there are no permanent aerodromes within miles. At Salerno, the decision to transport the soldiers by air was put into effect only three-and-a-half hours after it had been taken, and the experience proved that a large force of soldiers can be moved in a fraction of the time taken by any other form of transport. By air they can pass over all geographical barriers, and they can be protected *en route* by fighter aircraft. "Transport machines are of untold value in the Mediterranean," writes one commentator, "for even those which now carry mails and supplies can, if necessary, be used to fly troops The carrying of infantry by air must commend itself to all modern students of war, for soon the time may come, especially in the Pacific, when all fighting men may have to be sent to the battle area by air." In the drawing above the aircraft depicted are Douglas DC.3s, or Douglas Dakotas—special planes designed for troop transport

ARTILLERY IN THE SKY: THE NEW 75-mm. GUN, AS BIG AS THE FAMOUS FRENCH ARTILLERY PIECE, now being mounted in American Mitchell bombers for use against enemy shipping in the South-Western Pacific—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The announcement was recently made in Washington that certain of the American medium bombers are now being fitted with a gun of unusually large calibre—equivalent, in fact, to the famous French "seventy-five." It would be difficult to use this heavy piece of ordnance against enemy aircraft, but Mitchell bombers thus equipped can be, and have been for some time past, used against Jap shipping in the Pacific: the difficulty of sighting such a gun from an unstable aircraft in flight presented a problem which has now been solved. The drawing above shows the 3-in. gun actually carrying out an attack. It is thought that the shells fired are lighter than those which would be fired by its equivalent on land, nor would the propulsive charge be as heavy When used as an artillery piece, the 75-mm. gun has a range of 17,000 yards: this would be impracticable for an aeroplane-mounted gun. The question of weight of shells carried on board is also very important, as the capacity of a bomber is comparatively limited The ordinary machine-guns of the bomber are still installed as secondary armament. It is not unlikely that the next development of the 75-mm will be for use against tanks on the ground

FROM THE MOUNTAINS DOWN TO THE SEA IN ITALY: THE GIANT MOUNTAIN MASS OF THE MAJELLO, WHICH FLANKS THE LEFT WING OF THE EIGHTH ARMY. This is an area which is quite impassable to modern armies, and there are no good practicable roads throughout the region, which culminates in the snow-clad peak of Monte Amaro (9,000 ft. high)—*Drawing by Percy Home* (See key map below)

The OFFENSIVE ACROSS the SANGRO RIVER

How the Bridgeheads on the North Bank were Established; and the Mountain Country which Now Flanks the Eighth Army's Left Wing

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

The easternmost section of the Eighth Army (operating with its extreme right flank touching the Adriatic coast) is flanked on its landward side by a huge and impenetrable mountain mass known as the Majello. This is an impracticable region in its higher stages for any military force. Its central peak, Monte Amaro, reaches a height of over 9,000 ft.: a ridge runs southwards from the summit before the rock mass begins to fall away over rough ground to the valley of the inner branch of the Sangro.

Half-way down the slope, the spectator would see the hills on both sides of the Sangro River and the bridgehead crossing with its temporary pontoon supply bridges. To the north, Monte Amaro's snow-covered peak breaks away into two deep and rocky summit valleys; and to the north-west and north-east the ground falls away in equally rough surfaces. The western side of the peak is quite precipitous, the serrated wall pitching down dizzily to the foot-hills below. In front are two parallel ridges, each with a peak of about 6,000 ft. in height. To the north, these ridges drop down to the plain of Sulmona, with this town lying near the convergence of the two ridges.

The valley is picturesque in the extreme. Good views of it are obtained from the railway from Sulmona to Castel di Sangro, where it doubles back on its track, so that one again sees the town in its Turneresque setting before the railway again turns south through a series of tunnels.

In the middle distance of the above drawing is an area which is one of the coldest and snowiest in the whole of the Apennines. Above this, in the immediate foreground, is seen the Lago di Scanno, a beautiful lake high up among surrounding 6,000-ft. peaks. It is reached through the deep and wild gorge of the Sagittario, seen on the extreme left. Cliff-perched villages look down from the heights above the torrent, and the road to Seanno skirts the lake. The hills immediately around are suggestive of Wastwater, in Cumberland. From the edge of the lake there ascends an avenue of ancient oaks to a little chapel, which shares the solitude with a monastery higher up the hill. The village of Seanno lies a little beyond the lake. One can descend to the valley road by a mountain path by way of Vallo Scura.

The weather during recent Eighth Army operations in this region has been unbelievably bad throughout, with pouring rain, cold and mud

THE ATTACK ON THE GERMAN WINTER LINE: The twisting roads in the Adriatic sector, where the Eighth Army's advance is now being made across the Sangro River

Between the precipices of La Majella and the Adriatic beaches lies the battleground of the Eighth Army. There is no considerable extension to the west possible for the troops on the hills and ridges between the Sangro and Pescara: the way is blocked by the huge bulk of the mountain group of Majella. Its summit peak, Monte Amaro, rises to over 9,000 ft. and is now glistening with newly-fallen snow. A few roads skirt the lower outward slopes of the group, but no roads cross it. Big-scale maps indicate mule-tracks only in certain districts: in other directions, the mountains show no indication of even the narrowest pathway. Directly facing the Eighth Army, the main roads mostly run laterally; with some second- and third-class roads zigzagging down into parallel valleys separated by steep ridges. Torrents occupy the hollows of these valleys and do not add to the ease of a forward movement. To the north is the Pescara-Popoli-Rome road

WHERE THE EIGHTH ARMY OFFENSIVE WAS LAUNCHED FROM THE SANGRO BRIDGEHEADS: The Casoli-Orsogna-San Vito area overrun by British troops in the first days of the attack and partially regained by the Germans later. The attack started from the river level and climbed to 1,000 ft.—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Following General Montgomery's announcement that the Germans were to receive a hard blow on their left flank, a concerted offensive was launched from the two bridgeheads which had been established on the north side of the Sangro. The operation was not an easy one, for the weather made movements arduous in the extreme. The two bridgeheads were, however, successfully merged into one by lateral movements. Then came the climb towards enemy positions 900 ft. above, on the ridges and hills around Lanciano. On the left flank of the Allied thrust, Casoli was soon occupied; and on the main parallel ridge, Castel di Frentano fell into our hands after some fierce hand-to-hand fighting. Once on the ridge, the thrusts spread out to right and left, further villages falling to infantry assault. Fierce street fights occurred in several places. One advance took the troops towards Guardiagrele, and to Orsogna, which was captured after a further struggle. Here the fighting was very bitter. Other Eighth Army columns had seized the enemy positions actually resting on the Adriatic shore. The enemy used every device to stay the Allied advance. Mines were strewn profusely in many areas, and flame-throwing tanks were also employed. The shore thrust reached the vicinity of San Vito and the Moro River. Numerous prisoners were taken, many of them seeming to be dazed from the heavy artillery bombardments they had suffered. The guns were concentrated on point after point in a manner which enabled our troops to break into the enemy's elaborately prepared hill-top positions

THE CROSSING OF THE SWOLLEN SANGRO. The British infantry waded across under shell-fire, clinging to cables put up to protect them from the strong current, whilst the broken bridges were being repaired by the Engineers—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Not only do the heavy rainstorms on the Italian front bog the roads and make the transport officers curse; they also swell the volume of the Sangro in what appears to be a most irresponsible fashion. The rains descend on the mountain slopes away in the misty distance. Every little stream gathers in this unwanted water. The result is that in a few hours' the Sangro rises rapidly. In some instances, the pressure has been too great for the pontoon-bridges, much to the chagrin of the staff, whose task it is to get tons of necessary material up to the fighting men. At one time it was necessary to get men over into the bridgeheads without delay; they had to wade across with the aid of a cable. But so strong was the current that a number of them were swept from their hold and carried downstream

The SANGRO RIVER OFFENSIVE in MUD and RAIN

The Manner in which Our Troops are Advancing in Appalling Weather Conditions in Central Italy

GENERAL MONTGOMERY VISITS THE FRONT LINE: The Commander of the Eighth Army is here seen during an inspection of forward positions on the Sangro. He has stopped alongside a Sherman tank bogged in the thick mud to hand out some cigarettes to the troops

UP IN THE HILL COUNTRY: A site occupied by 25-pounder and 5.5-in. guns of the Royal Artillery. It is most unusual for these two types of guns, with vastly different calibres, to operate together. Note the churned-up condition of the ground surrounding this site

TROOPS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE left are wearing mackintosh overcoats: the fighting men on the right are march

25-POUNDER GUNS OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY IN ACTION: During the heavy rains up in the mountains, batteries of medium and heavy artillery had extreme difficulty in finding suitable emplacements

MANŒUVRING A 17-POUNDER ANTI-TANK GUN INTO POSITION over rain-soaked ground and along improvised tracks where the passage of heavy vehicles caused deep grooves in the soft soil

OTHILLS OF THE 900-1,000-FT. RIDGE WHICH RUNS PARALLEL WITH THE SANGRO RIVER, and struggling up the muddy country roads and tracks. The men on the hi up without overcoats, as they cannot fight when encumbered by heavy winter kit. Blazing farmsteads confronted our advancing troops everywhere—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

When the Eighth Army's offensive against the German positions on the high ground above the Sangro was unleashed, a vast forward movement began from the twin bridge-heads on the northern bank of the river up through the foothills by every country road and track which was available. These roads and tracks were soon churned into glissades of mud, often deep enough to cover the knees. Rain descended in torrents, with only an occasional break, the storm clouds gathering in force around the 9,000-ft. Apennine peaks. Men not actually in the fighting line wore mackintosh overcoats, which protected their battledress and some of their kit against the onslaught of icy rain and sleet. The men attached to the lorry transport on the left of the drawing above are wearing their waterproof kit; the infantry on the right of the muddy roadway are in battledress without overcoats, as they must be as unencumbered as possible for the fighting which is taking place on the high ground beyond. Part of the work of the supply columns was to get overcoats up to these men, after the initial objectives had been secured. This was very necessary, as the ridges above rise steadily; it is only along the Adriatic shore road to S. Vito that the going has been on level ground. Mules, more than ever, are assisting in the transport of equipment up to the fighting front

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE FIFTH: Infantry of a British regiment marching along a comparatively firm road during a heavy rainstorm. A scene up in the mountains near Monte Roccamonfina

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT WITH THE EIGHTH: Infantrymen moving up outside San Salvo for the attack of a town near the Sangro River. The "road" in this case is merely a cart-track

DEMOLITION ON A MOST EXTENSIVE SCALE HAS BEEN ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE PRESENT CONFLICT. This drawing shows the scene which confronted the Fifth Army at the approaches to Sessa Arunca, an important junction in the complex road system leading to the Tyrrhenian coast. Huge masses of rubble were exposed when a big bridge was blown and a by-pass had to be made to avoid the spot.—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

DEMOLITION—

An Important "Weapon" Employed by the Enemy in Italy

The Blowing Up of Bridges and the Uprooting of Railway Lines in Front of the Advancing Allied Forces

The blowing up of the bridges, culverts and rail tracks has been a feature of modern warfare—but rarely, if ever, on the scale of to-day. The cutting of opposing lines of communication has been accomplished both by land engineers and by bombing from the air. During the German advance into Holland, Belgium and France many vital bridges escaped destruction, so disorganised was the defence. In Italy, however, the German is not destroying his own property in his determined effort to hinder the advance of the Allied armies. It is all Italian property, and it is being remorselessly smashed—not one member of a bridge is destroyed, but often the entire structure, including its land approaches. Correspondents report the most complete destruction from both east and west sides of Italy. Railway bridges, road bridges, even the roadway surfaces themselves, are destroyed with completeness: this in a country where traffic is compelled to keep to the roads. Late reports have referred to the breaking of bridges on the shore road to San Vito beyond the Sangro Valley. On the western side, in the Fifth Army's area, the destruction has been equally wholesale.

In the example from Sessa Arunca shown above, the bridge was a big affair, with an arched approach. The destruction caused huge masses of rubble to fall on to the ground surface below. So complete was the destruction that a by-pass was the only practicable method of getting the heavy traffic through. A mobile anti-aircraft gun is seen waiting to cross the temporary bridge thrown across the gully. Sappers are standing by, watching how the traffic negotiates the new route. These men are, in many ways, a unique body. Owing to the rough work they perform, much latitude is allowed them in the way of dress; the strangest variations may at times be seen, in strong contrast to the immaculate Allied road policemen who direct traffic in the difficult hill country.

EIGHTH ARMY ENGINEERS TURN GERMAN DEMOLITION MATERIALS TO THEIR OWN USE. The retreating Germans are doing all they can to hold up the Eighth Army by large-scale demolitions; but in many cases these demolitions are not as successful as they would have wished. This bridge, measuring about 180 ft. across, could have presented a very difficult problem, but the charges in the half-way pier failed to explode. Across this pier lay the wreckage of the old bridge, and British engineers were faced with the problem of having to remove the obstruction quickly without damaging the pier in any way. They achieved this by cutting off the right-hand span, then placing small charges on the other, causing its accurate removal and leaving the pier undamaged. The majority of the explosive used was left behind by the Germans

ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ISERNIA: A 180-ft. bridge which the Germans only partially destroyed. The piers were left intact and formed an excellent base on which our Engineers have built a new bridge

HOW THE GERMANS WRECK THE RAILWAY LINES DURING THEIR RETREAT: One of the demolition charges on the line (*on left*), and how it fractures the steel rails (*on right*). The retreating Germans are now using a special machine for destroying railway track in Italy. Believed to have been built in Henrishch this year (1943), and weighing about ten tons, this machine has a large hook at the rear which, on being hauled along the lines, rides under the sleepers and rips them up. At the same time, 2-lb. charges are dropped down a runway on either side of the machine on to the rails, where they settle with the aid of a clip, exploding some seconds later. The Germans left one of these machines in the Termoli goods yard when they were surprised by the Commando attack on the town

THE CLOSE CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE AIR FORCES AND THE LAND ARMY DURING THE FIGHTING ON THE SANGRO RIVER. The concentrated attacks carried out by Allied bombing aircraft on the Germans' "Winter Line" were often made only 500 yards in front of our own infantry—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Everyone on the muddy battlefield of the Eighth Army's right-wing push was gratified to see the sky full of R.A.F. aircraft in all kinds of weather. Formation after formation could be seen making for the enemy lines. On the crucial day, nine waves of light bombers, assisted by fifty formations of fighters and fighter-bombers, swept over the front, delivering the heaviest weight of bombing which the enemy has yet experienced in the present campaign. Sometimes the bombing was only 500 yards ahead of our advancing troops, so closely did the two arms work in co-operation. Such a moment is here depicted by the SPHERE'S artist. The men are climbing towards some of the concrete emplacements and fortified points during the Sangro advance: these had received severe air punishment before our men put in the finishing strokes, thus greatly minimising our casualties

MEN OF A BRITISH REGIMENT GOING FORWARD ON PATROL NORTH OF RIONERO: This town is on the left flank of the Eighth Army, to the north of Isernia. It is typical Italian hill country, where our men have, during the past few weeks, been engaged in fighting both the Germans and the weather. For the artillery, in particular, the going has been very heavy, the rains having converted the farm-tracks and secondary roads into quagmires of mud

WAR in the GILBERT ISLANDS

The Set-back Suffered by the Americans in the Landing on the Islet of Betio

— Specially Described and Illustrated

THE PALM ATOLLS OF THE GILBERT GROUP, showing where the two main attacks by the Americans were carried out. These islets are surrounded by coral reefs, sometimes with an outer reef linking the groups together. All of them are based on a submerged plateau—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The Gilberts form an island group of the typical low coral-reef type. There are some sixteen islets in all : a chart showing ocean depths of the Pacific reveals that they are all grouped on a narrow, submerged table-land which rises out of the sea. The exact procedure of the coral-building polyp is much disputed : whatever may be its life-and-death story, the resulting phenomena are clearly evident. Scores—hundreds—of islets meet the eye. There is a narrow line of beach, backed by a wall of coco-nut palms and other tropical trees reflected in a shallow lagoon and protected from the surge of the outer ocean by a ring of coral rock. The distance from the shore varies, and there may be an inner, and a large outer, reef. The sight of a curving line of outer surf breaking over hidden coral walls is one never to be forgotten. In the case of the Gilberts, the outer reefs appear to enclose more than one sandy spit of an island, on which the native dwellers live a precarious existence. Natural breaks in the coral rings usually allow of the passage of boats and small ships

THE tiny islet of Betio, lying within the atoll of Tarawa, one of the many atolls forming the group of Gilbert Islands, will long be remembered by the American Marines. Its capture was only effected after a deadly toll had been paid by the men of America's most famous corps, the toughest fighting force of the United States. Betio Island, minute in size—a mere two miles long by less than a mile wide—is situated to the south-west of Tarawa Island, and its importance was due to the airfield, the chief one used by the enemy in the Gilbert Group.

There are sixteen small islands constituting the Gilbert Islands, named after Captain Gilbert, who sailed amongst them in 1787. They are all of coral formation, with coral-reefs lying outside or forming a ring around them. Tarawa and Betio lie within such a reef, forming a lagoon, where small ships can lie in safety. The natives who inhabit these small strips of land live almost entirely upon fish and coco-nuts.

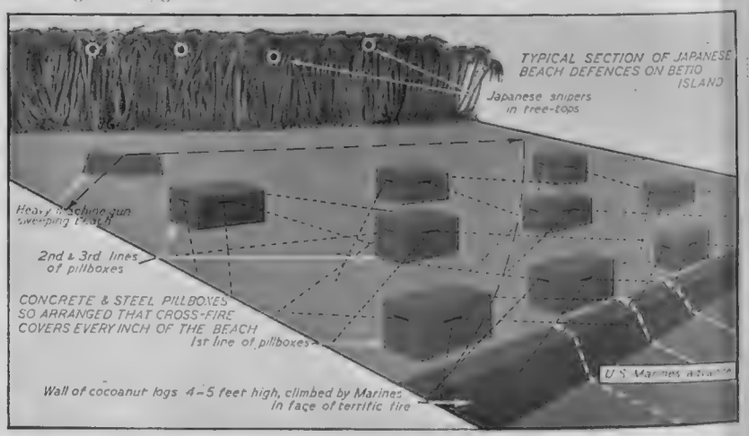
After weeks of shelling from the great guns of the U.S. warships, when 2,000 tons of shells were dropped, and of bombing from planes from aircraft-carriers, the landing took place on November 21. Landing barges of shallow draught approached the islands, hoping to push right up to the long narrow sandy beaches. But, unfortunately, there was exceptionally low water, owing to a change of wind, which brought the coral-reef (lying about 800 yards from the shore) too near the surface of the water for the barges to pass over it. The men had to leave the barges at the reef (over which there was about two feet of water) and wade ashore, exposed to the pitiless fire of the enemy, who rained machine-gun fire and mortars on the Marines as they splashed through the water

The Japanese forces on the island, some 4,000 men, were fully prepared for the attack, having been warned by the weeks of "softening" by the Navy and Air Force. A great barricade, 5 ft. high, lined the beaches, almost down to the edge of the water, allowing little beachhead space for the attackers. At first no tanks could get ashore and rush this barricade, built of stout coco-nut logs—it had to be rushed and scaled by the Marines under the close fire of the enemy. About 2,500 Marines had approached in the landing barges, and many had fallen before they reached the beach. They had been under fire, not only from the enemy behind the barricades, but also from a party hidden in an old hulk near the shore. A small pier, built of coral and palm logs, ran down to the edge of the coral-reef, and this had afforded some protection to the Marines as they struggled ashore. They were quickly followed by the infantry, and hand-to-hand fighting took place on the sandy beach, which lacked any cover. Many officers fell as they led their men.

After the barricade has been stormed the troops found themselves up against the pill-boxes, which were cunningly placed to give the greatest damage to the attackers. There were about 500 of them all round the island, and were so strong that nothing less than a direct hit from a very heavy bomb could destroy them. Some were built of coco-nut logs reinforced with steel and concrete, or of coco-nut logs backed by sand. They were so placed that as one was taken the Americans came up against cross-fire from two other pill-boxes. At last the engineers, under a protection of sharp rifle fire, crawled up close to the pill-boxes, and thrust some T.N.T. at the end of 12-ft. poles into the fire-slots.

While the marines and infantry were fighting ferociously, the Navy was giving every possible support by shelling Japanese positions, and the bombers from the aircraft-carriers harassed the enemy. It took over two days of intense hard fighting before the conquest of the small island was achieved. No prisoners were taken; the Japanese had fought to the last, holding out in various pockets, after the main resistance was over.

Now the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack fly together over this speck in the Pacific Ocean, and the coveted airfield is already in operation. Naval construction battalions had followed the attacking force, and in four days had brought the airstrip into working condition. A high price had been paid for the occupation of Betio Island, but the Allied object had been obtained—that of breaking Japan's outer ring of defence for her naval base at Truk in the Caroline Islands



Above—**HOW THE JAPS DEFENDED BETIO ISLAND—with a series of pill-boxes behind a 5-ft. wall.** *On left*—**HOW THE JAP RESISTANCE WAS EVENTUALLY OVERCOME, by American guns, tanks and T.N.T. explosive**—*Drawings by B. C. Wood*

Only a few feet from the water's edge the Japanese had built walls of coco-nut logs which served them as barricades. These, 4 ft. to 5 ft. high, could not be climbed by tanks and had to be scaled in the face of fierce machine-gun fire. Behind the barricades the island was ringed with some 500 pill-boxes, some made of coco-nut logs, between which were thick walls of sand, some of concrete and some of steel, and others combining all three materials. These were so arranged that when one was taken and passed, the attackers came under cross-fire once again from other pill-boxes of an inner ring. In addition, there were heavy machine-guns which, from one beach, could command the whole range of another, and from the tree-tops snipers kept up a persistent fire. Casualties among the officers were exceptionally high. The pill-boxes were smashed by the Americans with point-blank fire from 75-mm. guns or crushed under the weight of tanks, and wherever these tactics proved not enough, engineers, protected by rifle fire, crept forward and blew up the pill-boxes with T.N.T. thrust into their fire-slots at the end of a 12-ft. pole

THE ATTACK ON BETIO, THE SUCCESS OF WHICH WAS ALMOST FRUSTRATED BY A SUDDEN CHANGE OF WIND: This made the water over the reef only 2 ft. in depth, not enough to float the landing craft into the lagoon, so that the men had to wade ashore under very heavy fire: only the marines who were able to reach the pier managed to escape the very heavy losses sustained by their less fortunate comrades—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

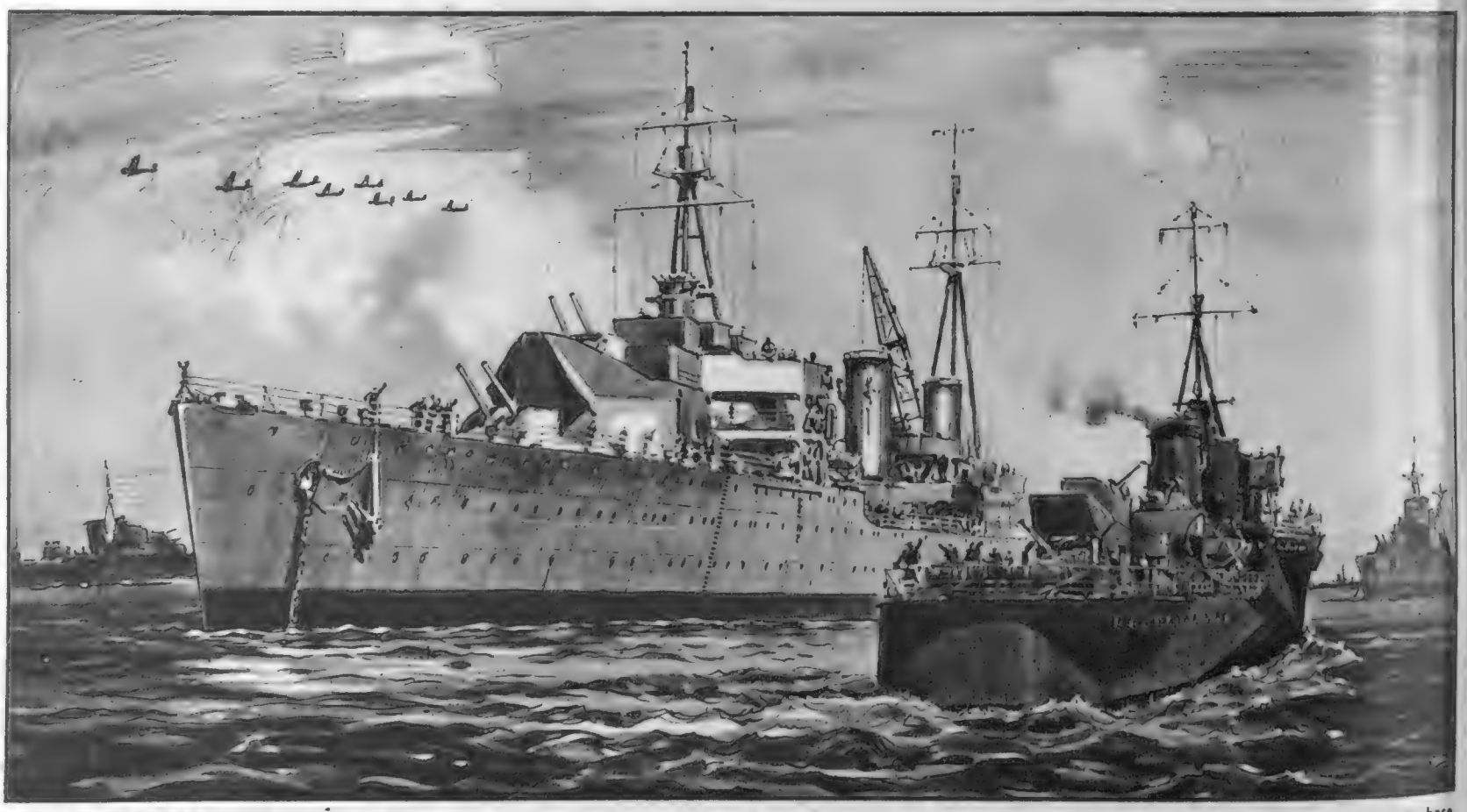
Betio Island is about 2½ miles long, with a width of some 800 to 1,000 yards: its outer reef is some two or three feet below the surface of the sea, about 800 yards from the shore. On the island the Japs had a garrison of about 4,000 men. When it was discovered that there was insufficient water on the reef to float the landing craft into the lagoon, the marines and infantry had to jump out and then plunge into the shallow waters and wade towards the shore under withering fire from the Japs hidden among the palms and dug-outs on the island. Columns of men advanced at various points, suffering many casualties. It was only when the parties worked under the partial cover of a pier built by the Japanese that a bridgehead was finally established. This pier was constructed of palm timber and concrete, and reached from the shore to the sea edge of the reef: its height protected the advancing marines from cross-fire. Once established on the shore, American guns and tanks were eventually brought into play with devastating effect

A JAPANESE STRATAGEM AT BETIO: A DERELICT SHIP JUST OFF THE ISLAND SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO LIFE as the Japanese troops within open up on the U.S. marines as the latter wade ashore from their landing craft. As the marines left their boats for the 800-yards plunge through the shallow water, they came under heavy fire from machine-guns, mortars and rifles, and it was then that they fell in the greatest numbers. They were attacked, not only from in front, but also from the rear, by a group of enemy hidden in an apparently abandoned hulk of a Japanese steamship—*Drawing by W. McDowell*

ON THE HIGH SEAS IN WARTIME

Two Special Sphere *Drawings; and Two New Photographic Studies*

A NEW IDEA IN LIFE-RAFTS FOR TORPEDOED MERCHANTMEN. This picture comes from America: it shows an all-steel raft which embodies many new ideas for the comfort of ship-wrecked mariners. The raft rides very high in the water, and canvas screens all round protect the men from the worst effects of exposure. A sail of large size is stepped to the "deck," and ample space is provided for provisions and water



A DEPOT SHIP FOR DESTROYERS: AN IMPRESSION OF THE 12,500-TON "ADAMANT" which mothers the destroyers and their crews when they return to base after a commission in foreign waters—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Modern destroyers are larger and more self-contained than their predecessors of the last war; but they are now more complicated and spend longer periods at sea without refit. The Navy possess a number of depot ships, which act as mobile bases. They are equipped with work-shops, to carry out running repairs of every kind, and generally minister to the needs of the destroyers and the comfort of their men on arrival in harbour. The drawing above shows a typical vessel of this type: she is H.M.S. *Adamant*, a big ship of 12,500 tons displacement and a length of 646 ft. She was built by Harland and Wolff, and launched in the year 1940: she has a speed of 17 knots and is armed with eight 4·5-in. guns and two multiple pom-poms. In the foreground of the picture is one of the small destroyers of the Hunt class just returning from a patrol

A VISION OF THE OLD DAYS OF SAIL: THE FOUR-MASTED STEEL BARQUE "ABRAHAM RYDBERG," which is now facing the hazards of regular wartime voyages across the Atlantic. She is one of the very few sailing-vessels now roving the oceans of the world—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The *Abraham Rydberg* is a steel, four-masted vessel of 3,400 tons: she was British-built, on the Clyde, in 1892. As the *Hawaiian Isles* she carried out fast passages for the Alaska Packing Company of San Francisco, by whom she was owned until her sale to a Stockholm society in 1929. Renamed the *Abraham Rydberg*, the barque then became a Swedish training-ship, manned by cadets. For many years she took part in the annual run home from Australia, round the Horn, laden with grain. Recently the ship was once again sold—to a Portuguese shipowner, who has renamed her the *Foz do Douro*: now she is again sailing the high seas and facing the hazards of wartime on a regular Atlantic run. On one of her recent voyages she made the port of Rio de Janeiro with a large cargo from Lisbon in exactly seven weeks: After going on down to Santos she set sail again for Lisbon. The drawing by Mr. Dawson above gives an impression of this fine old ship ploughing along at a fair turn of speed under a full press of canvas through a moderate South Atlantic sea

ONE OF BRITAIN'S BIGGEST AND MIGHTIEST BATTLESHIPS: A PICTURE TAKEN RECENTLY FROM THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "FURIOUS" OF THE 35,000-TON "DUKE OF YORK" during recent operations at sea. This vessel was completed in 1941 after four years in building. She mounts 14-in. guns, carries a complement of 1,500, and has a speed of 30 knots: her guns are of a new model with an effective range greater than the 15-in. guns mounted in earlier ships. The cost of her armament alone has been officially stated as £2,900,000, of which the fire-control installation cost £213,000

WHEN WE GET BACK TO ROAD TRANSPORT

An Outline of the Developments which may Follow Quickly on the Return of Peace Described by CHARLES GRAVES

A GREAT deal has been written and planned about post-war civil aviation, but little or nothing has been mentioned about post-war road transport. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that civil aviation is a matter of international decisions; whereas our road transport is, on the face of it, an internal problem. But is it? When the war comes to an end there will be thousands of M.T. vehicles and tanks which will be surplus to military requirements.

After talks with leading manufacturers, consulting engineers and the Ministry of War Transport, I am led to believe that manufacturers will have an opportunity of buying back most, if not all, of the vehicles they have made to War Office requirements, provided that they are not on the Continent. But the question arises of the future of all the American and Canadian vehicles. Are they to be returned across the Atlantic? Or will they form the basis of another and more notable Slough Trading Company? According to the Ministry of War Transport, it is probable that every single vehicle which returns to France when the Second Front is formed and maintained, will remain there for reconstruction work. What with our shooting-up of Continental railway engines, our bombing of railway stations and railtracks, the German appropriation of rolling stock in occupied countries and confiscation of all useful lorries, the Continent will be in an appalling condition when peace comes. And it will be far easier to get moving again on the roads, however much they may have been mined and blown up in the meantime, than to restore the railways.

It has just been announced that astronomical tons of foodstuffs will have to be imported into Europe for the occupied countries alone, quite apart from Germany and neutral countries. The distribution of food alone will demand the use of many thousands of Army lorries—British, Canadian and American. The reconstruction of the devastated towns, hamlets and countryside will require the use of every available bulldozer, muck-shifter, scraper, tipper and dumper—which, in fact, are, with the exception of jeeps, almost the only vehicles made to War Office specifications which will have a commercial value in peacetime, for the ordinary M.T. vehicles are quite uneconomic to run in competitive peacetime conditions. They simply cannot fulfil normal goods-carrying requirements. Their tyres are too heavy; so are their petrol engines, and the running costs are altogether too high. Those manufacturers who take them back will no doubt strip them down and convert them. Scrap or adaptation is the only alternative. As for tanks, I am assured that, apart from their radio sets, there is literally nothing worth taking from them, except to melt down. Their engines are too highly powered. Their axles and gear-boxes are far too heavy. They have no economic value in the commercial field.

If these facts are correct, motor manufacturers have a wonderful opportunity ahead of them when the time comes for them to be allowed to begin peacetime production with a clear field. But in view of the Prime Minister's slogan of "Food, Homes and Work," it is probable that the housing scheme will have priority where all steel is concerned, with the possible exception of the motor vehicle export market. When the time really comes, however, they will have the opportunity of utilising all the research which went into the manufacture of M.T. vehicles for their own benefit. A war always accelerates improvements in almost every kind of manufacture.

Before the war, military authorities in this country generally obtained their vehicles from manufacturers who were primarily interested in civilian requirements, and it was a tedious and costly process arriving at the state when a particular vehicle was accepted by the Army. On the other hand, some of the ideas developed by military engineers will benefit the civilian road transport industry after the war. This brings one to the suggestion that there should be some committee or body to represent to the manufacturers the special requirements of transport users. It is possible that some of the work of such a committee would be to reduce the number of types of vehicles required, and eventually it may be that some of the manufacturers' standard lines would be altered.

We have, frankly, much to learn from Germany in the matter of road transport. The development of the Diesel engine, with the consequent drop in fuel costs because of the use of crude oil instead of the more expensive petrol, is a case in point. Their huge trunk roads are also a model of efficiency. Our own Great West Road and Great North Road were out of date almost as soon as they were reconstructed. That must be one of the headaches of the Cook Committee. Far-seeing people prophesy a Great North-East Road and a Great North-West Road. They expect that the status of the lorry-driver will be raised to the level which it enjoys in the United States.

A FREQUENT SIGHT EACH WINTER BEFORE THE WAR. A road blocked with deep snowdrifts which made road traffic impossible for days on end in certain parts of the country. This was a scene on the North Wales-Wirral main road—and the trains did not fare much better!

ANOTHER FREQUENT SIGHT—but this time in Italy in wartime: a heavy Army truck pulling a weapon-carrier out of a stream, a branch of the Volturno, where it became stalled at a fording-point

Over there, it is practically a profession. In this country there ought to be a chain of hostels for the lorry-drivers, together with improved road maintenance posts, specialising in repair by replacement. In this way, if a lorry-driver finds that he has a broken back-axle or his engine has run a bearing, he can promptly secure a new one, instead of waiting for the delay of repairing. The L.P.T.B. understands this principle very well, as any Londoner realises.

The argument against trunk roads on the Continental principle is that it would be far too expensive, if only because of the cost of the land through which the trunk roads would run. In England, it is pointed out, there are villages every three or four miles; whereas on the Continent you may go fifteen or twenty miles or more before reaching the smallest hamlet. The suggestion, therefore, is that while a few bottlenecks ought to be opened out, the majority of the improvements can be carried out with a system of by-passes. If this is done, of course, it will mean that the other German device of having two or three trailers towed by a prime mover will be impossible. It needs real Autobahnen to carry the right kind of trailer-trains—on the lines of the little trolley trains you see on railway stations. At the moment, the law does not permit any trailer to be more than 16 ft. long in peacetime.

Road transport has never had an easy path, owing to the national support of railways in view of their value in time of war, though it is true that any country without an efficient motor-lorry industry at the outbreak of war would be very badly handicapped. But the encouragement of trains in preference to road transport during the past two years is evidently due to the shortage of rubber caused by Japan's entry into the war, and the need to conserve petrol because of the vast quantities consumed by tanks and bombers. To-day the defeat of the U-boats has eased the petrol situation, while synthetic rubber has been developed so fast that we are rounding that corner as well, except for the giant tyres which need real rubber. In connection with this, I gather that the rationalising of road transport which does not allow journeys over sixty miles, will cease rapidly after the war. I also learn that there is no prospect of an immediate transition, after the war, to the manufacture of private cars.

But to return to the chances that our manufacturers of commercial vehicles will have after the war, there is not only the question of substituting oil engines for petrol engines in medium-sized transport, there is also the idea of fitting a vehicle with two engines, one of which is cut out on the return journey or when not required.

Experience of caterpillar and crawler equipment on tanks will also be of great assistance in designing excavation and forestry vehicles. At the moment there seems to be a tendency to return to wheeled vehicles (now that the all-wheel drive is so common) instead of tractors for farm work.

Then what about motor coaches? It seems scarcely credible that the first real motor coach as we know it to-day was not seen in this country before 1927. This was an importation from the United States, and astonished a crowd of experts when it was shown in Hyde Park. They could not understand how so comparatively small an engine could pull so large a vehicle at such a speed for so many miles. No doubt the research necessary for designing the chassis for carrying troops in wartime will be useful after the armistice. In any event, the American motor coaches are infinitely better than ours, and there seems no reason why the pre-war experiment of running all-night coach routes from Scotland to the South and back again should not be properly developed, particularly if the road system of the country is improved. They would compete with the railways, but railways have been petted long enough.

To sum up: there is bound to be a scheme to improve the main-road arteries of the country, financed out of the Road Tax Fund. This will open the way for the development of road transport and the probable removal of some of the legislation protecting the railway companies. Following this, if road operators are going to compete and prove thoroughly efficient, they will either have to make arrangements with the manufacturers to supply the most modern type of vehicle best fitted for the job, or alternatively, have standard vehicles converted almost out of recognition. Their road-worthiness will be demanded by insurance companies and Government alike, and, coupled with economical operation, we are likely to see special road stations to give maintenance and repair by replacement. *But what about all the surplus Army lorries?*

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEWS PICTURES from the HOME FRONT

AMERICAN FLYING NURSES IN BRITAIN: These young women are highly trained, and their work is to tend wounded in special stretcher-equipped planes which evacuate casualties from Clearing Stations to Base Hospitals. Two nurses attend each plane. Here three of them are seen without their leather flying suits and showing their uniforms with "wings."

A JEWELLED SWORD FOR MR. CHURCHILL FROM THE KING OF SAUDI ARABIA: At No. 10 Downing Street, a few days ago, Prince Amir Feisal presented a sword from his father, King Abdul Aziz, to Mrs. Churchill who accepted it on behalf of the Prime Minister. The sword has a handsome gold hilt and a gold and jewelled scabbard. The Prince said that the sword was a sign of friendship and admiration for Mr. Churchill's stand in the greatest crisis in the history of the world. Accompanying the Amir Feisal were his brother, Amir Khalid (second from left) and the Saudi Arabian Minister to London, Sheik Hafiz Wahba

THE A.T.S. TO BE ISSUED WITH SLING BAGS: Made of khaki-coloured canvas and piped with brown leather, these sling bags will soon be a general issue in the A.T.S. The sling, made of brown leather, will be worn through the left shoulder strap. The uniform bags are similar to those issued to members of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. The bag will replace all other forms of sling bags and handbags

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE MISSION TO LONDON—from left to right are (back row) Dr. Wen Yuan-ning, Mr. Han Lih-wu, Mr. Lee Wei-kuo: in front are Mr. Wang Yun-wu, Dr. Wang Shih-chieh and Mr. Hu Lin. These men are returning the visit of the British Parliamentary Mission to China a year ago. The Mission consists of five members of the People's Political Council and is led by Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, who has been Minister of Education and Minister of Information. During their stay of a month, the visitors will be conducted on an extensive tour

ANOTHER MOSLEY DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: The agitation against the release of the British Fascist leader continues throughout the country. This picture was taken on December 7 when, shortly after 11 o'clock, a queue of 400 workers from all parts of Britain formed at the end of Westminster Hall

THE CHURCH SERVICE IN A SUSSEX PUBLIC-HOUSE: For 15 minutes, in the Middle House public-house at Mayfield, no drinks were served and hymn books replaced beer glasses a few evenings ago. The Vicar, the Rev. T. B. Oliver, conducted a religious service of hymns, prayers, and a short address. Other similar services in Mayfield may follow later

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.—Advent, Christmas and lengthening days—this season has always been with struggling mankind a time for renewing hope. This year there is something new to stress in the time-honoured call to hope. Hope is not taxed, but this Christmas at least it has " official sanction " ; and when we pass the message of peace on earth, goodwill towards men, we have the assurance from our human leaders that, if God be willing to grant it, there is no insurmountable obstacle to peace on earth in 1944 in the calculations of Whitehall—in Europe, at any rate—provided Allied plans go well.

This is a novelty, and one which we have not handled for thirty years. Year after year we have heard and remembered the message of Christmas and hope :

" The night is past and the dawn at last
Is coming with orient light."

It was always *breve gaudium*. After a brief warming of the heart, a false dawn, the night closed in on us again ; and so it has been for thirty years ; so it has been since middle-aged men were boys and the young men now fighting were yet unborn ; so it has been since their fathers were dying in Flanders fields. But this year, the hope is more than a convention, a mental recreation of an hour. The dream of thirty years of misery is more substantial ; the hope of all mankind colours the eastern sky.

Peace on earth, not a mere armistice, a pause in eternal tragedy, but peace for our children's children, an earth that yields plenty for all, a sky that sheds light and not death, a sea no longer estranging, but free.

Peace on earth, goodwill among men of goodwill. Of the two, the former large hope seems the more promising. The doubt obtrudes itself as to whether the one can come to pass without the other, whether peace and goodwill are not one and indivisible and mutually complementary. There is not much that mankind has gained from Heaven by prayer which has not been achieved by co-operation between God and man. Even God asks a *quid pro quo*.

Breve Gaudium?—For thirty years the nations have hated each other ; for thirty years the people that walked in darkness have created their own night by rivalry between class and class, nation and nation, opinion and opinion. Can they now expect peace at the last, with freedom to continue their rivalries and hates and self-interests ? Is it to be one more *breve gaudium*, the vicious circle as before ?

Or is this a real renaissance at last, a return to the manger throne at Bethlehem and the simple realities and the clear spring water of the source of our faith ?

The indications are not all hopeful. Mankind has indeed been tried in the fire, but dross still clings to the steel. The problem of pain and suffering is not solved. Nothing in human experience assures us that it is altogether good for our souls. Often enough we have seen the sufferings of a nation lead to revolt, anarchy and a will to revenge ; often enough we have found the trials of war to lead to indulgence and selfishness. Hate is a chief weapon of war. The guns and the bombs, minor weapons, can be dumped in the sea or suffered to rust, but hate is not so easily disposed of. In that fact lies the chief imbecility of war.

For thirty years we have been encouraged to hate ; for a generation even the leaders of our church have found it convenient to " ca' canny " on the Christian's duty to forgive his enemy. Goodwill among men is not like a necktie, a thing you can buy in a shop and wear the same day. It is acquired only by practice and preserved only by constant discipline and self-sacrifice. What hope that mankind to-morrow will forget to hate, forget self, resume all the articles of the Christian religion and buy the only peace which holds a guarantee from the makers ? On the evidences before us, in the history books and the current Press, a slender hope enough ! The pot is seething, the bubbles of a thousand half-suppressed urges to further hatred, to personal aims, to new rivalries, to revenge and self-indulgence threaten to burst as soon as the instant danger is removed. A man is not convicted of pessimism if his second glance at this novel feature of Christmas 1943 persuade him it is but an old box of tricks offered in a new wrapper. Perhaps he will console himself with the reflection that, if no novelty, it is a not unwelcome Christmas-box. Quiet nights, the end of black-out, loosening restriction and regimentation, a truce with death and the dreary records of destruction : who would not sell his soul to dip a hand in his Christmas stocking and pull out such a plum ? But, as Faust found, the plum is unspeakably nasty at the price. And as Faust discovered, so we discovered in the years between wars, the unquiet, miserable, intolerable '20's and '30's.

The Shams of Civilisation.—Two generations of the flower of youth have now been sacrificed on the battlefields of the world in the cause of freedom, in the name of democracy, in the interests of posterity. How much do we really care for the future of our children ; what value do we seriously attach to the ideals of a democratic Government and system ? If we are still bluffing, our bluff is to be called again sooner or later. Time will show whether we are ready, worn out by four or five years of discipline and austerity and regimentation, to offer for the cause of lasting peace and for the ideals of democracy another lustre of our lives to the same austerities, the same discipline.

For five years more we must go without butter that the starving Poles may be nursed back to health ; must sacrifice our political ambitions that stable, continuous government may be brought to bear on the problems of reconstruction ; we must continue to ration everything that seemed once to make life worth living, in order that we may secure, not for ourselves, but for posterity, a condition of things less hateful than that which governed the best years of our lives. It is an altruistic role to which we are asked to pledge ourselves, and, I doubt not at all, when the first sense of relief, the first blessing of new security, wear thinner with familiarity, we shall marshal a score of sound arguments against sacrificing so much for posterity. Yet that is what the bees do, and the ants. Hitherto, the human ant-heap has been raised on less altruistic and stern ideals.

We have graduated in hate after a very long course in the university of war. The post-war graduate course in love and forgiveness, tolerance, mercy, unregimented self-sacrifice and, broadly, Christianity must be of necessity very short. How many of us will pass the examiners ?

We have shed our blood for, or at the least given loud lip-service to, the ideals of democracy. How many of us in sober fact give a damn for such ideals ? When we entered the Second World War, democracy was as much a sham in Britain as it was in 1914, and in the course of the war we have had scores of proofs that the sham is not dead, but sleeping. Sooner or later now, our bluff will be called again. Soon, or later, we must decide whether the lies of peace are to take the place of the lies of war, and if the old shibboleths and shams, the class-barriers, the self-interests, the party games, the privilege, the practices of dog-eats-dog, the vulgarities, the extravagances and the insincerities are to creep back to feel the sun of security, like adders from under a stone.

This at least is certain. For thirty, and twice thirty, years our democracy has been a sham and our religion has been a sham ; and human life has been a tragedy.

What price are we prepared to pay to end that tragedy — a price as high as the outlawry of hypocrisy ?

A Christmas sermon by a layman who seldom practises what he preaches ? Well, why not ? *That* is no Christmas novelty.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

" THIS TIME IT'S LOVE " (Comedy).—How that amusing Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, ever came to write—a quarter of a century ago—so dull a play as this, and why two clever English people have taken the trouble to translate it, I find a bit of a mystery. The translation is a more than impossible job of work, and that is why, coupled with some excellent acting, the evening was endurable. But only just. Long duologue follows long duologue. One gathers that some frightfully funny things had happened, or were happening, off-stage. But we heard only verbose accounts of them and there was hardly any real action. The essential idea—a still attractive, middle-aged woman who has had eight or nine lovers (and a son by one of them) and wants to make the tenth into a legal husband—might have been better. But there could hardly have been any improvement on the acting of Miss Ellen Pollock, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mr. Charles Heslop, Mr. Dennis Bowen, and others.

" Look Who's Here " (Palladium). — The American Army's all-too-short season of variety at the Palladium set so high a standard that I thought at the time that any variety bill which succeeded it would have a tough job to avoid being an anti-climax. There is no denying the fact that *Look Who's Here is* an anti-climax, and rather a violent one at that. Some good " turns " are to be seen, but not nearly enough of them. Among these are those brilliant musical clowns, the Cairoli Brothers, who raise peals of laughter, and can, and did, play almost any instrument, including a stirrup-pump. (I shall not be in the least surprised to find them one of these days playing a concerto on a stomach-pump.) Miss Binnie Hale was in good form with her imitations, and amusing, too, was Mr. Richard Haydon's domestic lecture, though this would have been better in a smaller theatre. Messrs. Rawicz and Landauer show just how vulgar a couple of pianists with slick technique can be if they try. The second half of the programme was wholly devoted to Mr. Arthur Lucan and his " Old Mother Riley " stuff, to which I am not wholly, or even in the least degree, devoted. I simply could not laugh at all that harridan howling and shouting. But some people did.

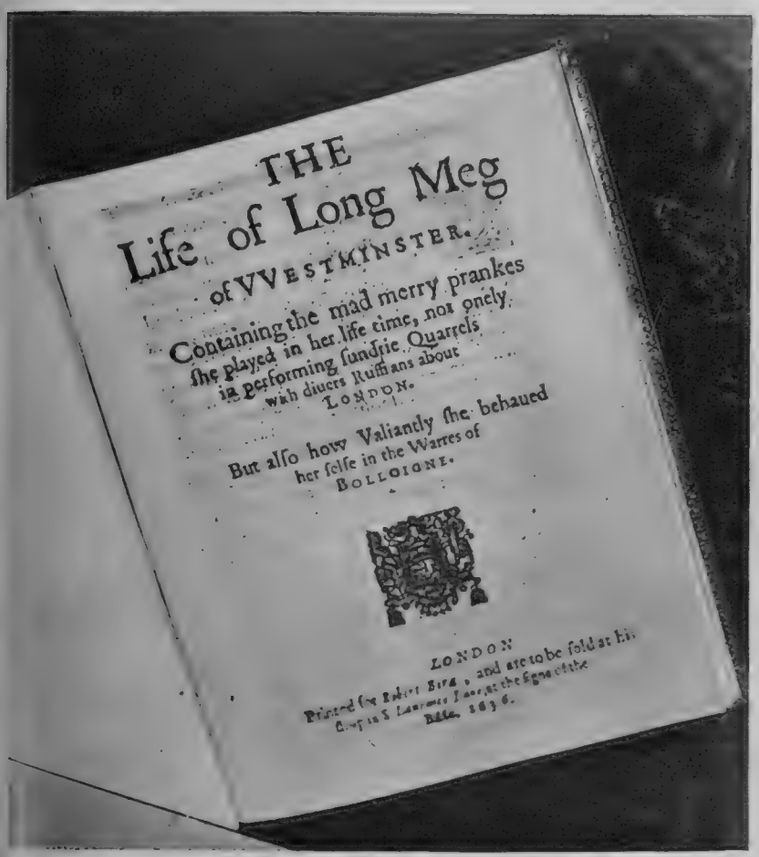
BEBE DANIELS IN " PANAMA HATTIE," the big musical success at the Piccadilly Theatre. Miss Daniels plays the part of Hattie Maloney, and Ben Hur (also seen above) is another important member of the cast

PANAMA HATTIE IN ALL HER FINERY : She has put on her best clothes to meet her fiance and his little daughter. The child disapproves of Hattie's dress, however, and trouble follows

" Good-night, Ladies " (Whitehall).—The standard of variety is considerably higher in this new non-stop revue. With M. André Randall, a brilliant French comedian, Mr. Edward Cooper, an equally brilliant English one, Costello and Marrueez, luscious dancers, and some first-rate conjuring and juggling there is fun in plenty. A sort of reverent hush overcomes the audience when Miss Phyllis Dixey, after some inaudible remarks, strips nude, or nearly nude. Perhaps this was a demonstration of sympathy. Hers must be a cold job in December.

A GREAT LIBRARY SAVED for the NATION

The John Burns Collection Purchased for £6,000 by Lord Southwood

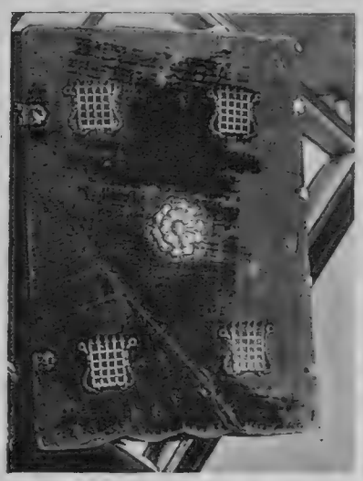


ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE BURNS COLLECTION: "The Life of Long Meg of Westminster." This is the Britwell Court-Heber copy, which was last sold in June 1920: it is a small quarto volume published by Richard Bird in London in 1636, and printed in black letter. It is a book on which much of our knowledge of life in London in the early seventeenth century is based

ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO PENNANT'S "LONDON," showing old London Bridge after the removal of its houses and the Gothic arches of varying size. This folio volume was published in 1805: it has been extra-illustrated by the insertion of over 700 additional portraits and views, many of them original water-colours and drawings by famous contemporary artists

FROM "BERMONDSEY ABBEY," a folio volume compiled by Mr. Richard Sims, of the British Museum, for Mr. Stephen Ram, of Ramsfort, Ireland. It is the history of the Abbey of St. Saviour, written in copperplate hand upon 404 pages and richly and extensively illustrated by fifty-three fine original water-colour drawings and sixty-seven smaller illustrations. The drawing above shows the Abbey gate, a part of which was still in existence a few years ago

A DEED WHICH CONTAINS A RARE PEN-AND-INK PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI. This document is on two large sheets of vellum, written in Latin in a neat, upright hand; the initial shows the King seated on his throne. The deed, relating to Crosby Hall, is in a half-blue morocco case, and there is an English manuscript translation



THE COVER OF AN INDENTURE between Henry VII and John Islypp, Abbot of St. Peter of Westminster, and others. It dates back to 1504: on the cover are the Royal Arms, with the Portcullis of Westminster Abbey

JOHN STOW'S "SURVEY OF LONDON." The cover of the First Edition, bearing the arms of John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury. It was printed in 1598, and was last sold by C. W. H. Sotheby at a sale in July 1924

JOHN BURNS HAD NO BOOKPLATE: This was how he wrote his name on the volumes coming into his possession

ARNOLD'S LONDON CHRONICLE"—a page from the first Edition, published at Antwerp in 1503. This is the volume which contains the "Ballade of Ye Nottebrowne Mayde"

THE ARMS OF STEPHEN RAM, of Ramsfort, Ireland, for whom the book "Bermondsey Abbey" was compiled

The famous library of the late Rt. Hon. John Burns, P.C., consisting of a unique collection of books on London, has been saved for the nation, and will now be preserved in perpetuity as one of its historic treasures. This valuable library, was to have been sold in lots at Sotheby's, and would have been broken up and dispersed throughout the world. The complete collection has, however, now been secured by Lord Southwood, and will be presented to London. The price paid is in the region of £6,000. Collecting books on London was a labour of love with the late John Burns, and he devoted many years of his long life to building up his collection. "This famous library," said Lord Southwood, "is as much part of London as some of its great monuments. It would have been a tragedy if it had been split up. I am glad it has been possible to save it for the nation."

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

SOME NEW AND INTERESTING NOVELS

Lion Feuchtwanger's Story of Nazi Germany; Ack-ack and a Kentish Village; Murder in Pre-war Austria; The Ingredients of a Chinese Puzzle

THE new Feuchtwanger novel evokes this author's usual atmosphere of ugly splendour and macabre Gothic intrigue. It is a melodrama of Nazi Germany before this war, and tells the story of two men who are shown as having a dubious influence over Hitler. THE LAUTENSACK BROTHERS (Hamilton. 9s.) is an extraordinarily effective piece of work, and it is a pleasure to read the forceful writing of Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger once more.

After years of struggle Oscar Lautensack, the clairvoyant, at the age of forty-two, achieves a meanly paid position with a serious psychical society. On the advice of his crafty brother Hansjorg, Oscar abandons serious research and exploits his strange gift for the benefit of the growing Nazi party. The Führer and his satellites have faith in dark, blood-felt mysticism, and soon Oscar becomes the rage of society with his fashionable demonstrations of a partly genuine power.

He early wins Hitler's personal confidence, and soon finds himself rich and powerful. He falls in love with Kathe, sister of Paul Cramer, an anti-Nazi intellectual, who denounces Oscar in the Press as an impostor. The quarrel between Oscar and Paul becomes a public scandal, and with Nazi help Oscar is publicly vindicated. He acts as adviser behind the scenes to the Nazis, suggesting both the Reichstag Fire and the July Purge. After Paul has been gaoled by the Gestapo, Oscar tries to use his influence with the Führer to obtain his release, and so win Kathe, who makes this a condition of marriage. He fails, and his political rivals rush in to accomplish his downfall. Meanwhile, his astute brother continues to prosper.

Hitler and the Nazis are not out of place in this world, but they are most real and effective when they remain in the background. The central figure of the sinister, pathetic, grotesque charlatan who becomes Hitler's fortune-teller is a conception in the Teutonic grand manner, however, and the story of his rise, reign and fall, displays all the author's skill for an elaborate and ingenious plot, narrated with limpid clarity.

Chandos and Mansel are the two principal characters, and certainly the most resourceful, though in this they are run fairly close by a gang of toughs, known collectively and disdainfully as "the rogues." Mr. Mansel and Mr. Chandos having all the time, money, Rolls-Royces and muscular development in the world, very naturally get bored with life and have by now progressed through a series of novels to their present escapade, set in pre-war Austria. An Englishman has been discovered by them lying in the middle of a lonely road, very dead, and apparently the victim of a motor-car accident.

But Messrs. Mansel and Chandos are not in the hero business for nothing. They discover that the man has, in fact, been murdered, that he is, or was, the popular squire of a village in the Mendips, and that he was in love with the beautiful American Duchess of Varvic, whose husband is the local Austrian tyrant. From then on they work fast, and on the principle that all *schloss* and no slosh makes the Duke a dull boy, they set out to foil his plans.

Mr. Dornford Yates does this kind of thing remarkably well, and almost persuades one that his Englishmen are not all tearing snobs or high-handed wastrels. In fact, he provides entertainment and a few hours, if not of relaxation, at least of complete escape from the problems of war.

W.R.N.S. IN THE LEBANON: Nursing Sister R. D. Ledger (of the Q.A.I.N.S.) and Surgeon-Commander J. R. Peat, R.N.V.R., pay their daily visit to two Wrens in the sick bay at Boustros House, Beyrout. They are in Ward 2, which has six beds. Wrens have been working under exacting conditions in naval shore establishments in the Levant for nearly two years. Many of them are watchkeepers, often working through the night. They keep fit by spending off-duty hours in the open, and their quarters are restful and pleasant. At Beyrout they are quartered in the one-time home of a wealthy Syrian family, with well-furnished, spacious rooms which are cool in the summer heat. Five miles away is a range of mountains, snow-covered in winter and cool in summer, where Wrens spend happy off-duty hours in picnics in summer, and in winter sports at Christmas

WINTER QUARTERS (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is primarily a novel of character. It concerns the lives of some twenty people in a small (and imaginary) Kentish village, where the battery of an anti-tank regiment is stationed. It is a chronicle of the doings of the men, alone in their quarters and in contact with the village, and Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson has written of them with great observation and humour.

The public-house, centre of the village's social life, and therefore quite logically the focal point of the story, is run by Sam and Gillie; a large, impassive but far from stupid man, and his pretty, shallow wife, with whom half the men are in love. In and out of the bar-room, the dining-room and the inn yard move the other men and their girls. There is Tawney, the child of brilliant parents, but desperately unsure of himself until he falls in love with his Captain's sister; Lilley, a second-lieutenant, who is pro-Fascist and a trouble-maker; Menhenheott, the sergeant, who is in love with one of the village girls, but is being plaintively blackmailed by his own fiancée; and Eily, the child of fifteen, whose precocious imagination leads her into imaginary trouble. There is nothing very new here, but what is said, is said very well, and the book succeeds completely.

The heroes of Mr. Dornford Yates's tales belong to no period of time than can be no more accurately described than as within our present lifetimes, and to no mood other than the heroic. AN EYE FOR A TOOTH (Ward Lock. 9s. 6d.) deals with the adventures of two or three Englishmen and their servants. The old-fashioned flavour that there is already about those last two words is some indication of the general atmosphere in this book of leisured luxury.

A WOMEN'S "BRAINS TRUST" TO DISCUSS HOUSING QUESTIONS. Five women—Mrs. Southam, of Oxford; Mrs. Paxley, of Northants; Miss Haworth, of Durham; Mrs. Jew, of Warwick; and Mrs. Stebbing, of Suffolk—came to London a few days ago to act as a "Brains Trust" at a discussion at the Housing Centre in Suffolk Street, Haymarket. The event was staged in co-operation with the National Federation of Women's Institutes. This picture shows the Trust in session

Mr. Vivian Connell's new novel endeavours to reconcile two incompatible themes—a mystery about anonymous letters and a study in sexual adjustment—by stirring semi-philosophical chinoiseries into the mixture. The result is odd, but entertaining. Nicolas Bude, chief of Bude's Bank, finds his wife, Muriel, after ten years, still cold, aloof, unawakened. That side of their life went wrong on their wedding-night, and Bude has found only an unsatisfactory release in his association with his secretary, Sidonie.

Even her love seems cool, and he is exasperated to learn that whatever money he pays her she sends regularly to an orphanage. His doctor, the psychiatrist Saluby, suggests that Bude should write threatening letters to himself as an experiment, to see whether he will eventually come to take them seriously. Bude does not do so, but does actually receive anonymous letters weekly, identical in wording: "There is a will to death in your hands. Whose death?"

He suspects various people of sending the letters—even his mysterious assistant, Elder, who in private life poses as a Chinese mandarin. The writer of the letters turns out to be the psychiatrist, who was trying to incite Bude to murder to satisfy a hereditary grudge.

All in this one book, THE CHINESE ROOM (Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.), you therefore have a club-foot, opium, an unknown poison-pen, Chinese decor, a respectable banker and two unawakened women, with Lawrence's red beard floating around somewhere as the clue to it all. You never know quite where you are, but you certainly get your money's worth.

Commander Kenneth Edwards, R.N., has compiled one of this war's most heartening books in MEN OF ACTION (Collins. 12s. 6d.), which contains character-sketches and portraits of nineteen present-day naval figures. One of them, Captain Collins, is in the Royal Australian Navy, and was in command of the *Sydney* in that Mediterranean action which ended with the rout of the Italian Fleet, subsequently described by London newspaper-sellers in the words: "Italians Win Boatrace."

Another is Major-General Sturges, of the Royal Marines, who commanded the troops which captured the great naval base of Diego Suarez and the assault troops at other points in Madagascar, which led to the surrender of the island. All the others are officers in the Royal Navy, whose names, as one lists them, form a golden chain of action, courage and enterprise in the true Navy tradition: Cunningham, Harwood, Mountbatten, Somerville, Vian, Noble, Wake-Walker, and many others.

Mr. Ian Morrison's new book, THIS WAR AGAINST JAPAN (Faber. 7s. 6d.), is an essay, written in the leisure intervals of the life of a war correspondent, and sets out to answer three questions:

(1) How did the conflict in the Far East arise, and what is its true nature?

(2) How is Japan to be defeated?

(3) What principles in the post-war world are going to determine the attitude of the Allies towards Japan and towards the various problems of the Far East?

The three parts of the book, which is short and in a pleasant format, are an amplification of these three questions, and an attempt by the author to answer them. At the end is a portfolio of sixty-four photographs, showing fighting conditions in Timor and New Guinea, which, even independently of Mr. Morrison's reasoned arguments, are worthy of study.

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The Minni Cup

Norsemen toasted Thor and Odin and living kings in the "minni." What the drink was we do not know—possibly a kind of spruce beer—but "minni" came to have the meaning of love, memory and the thought of absent ones and the custom survived in England down to the middle ages and later in the "minnying" or "mynde" days.

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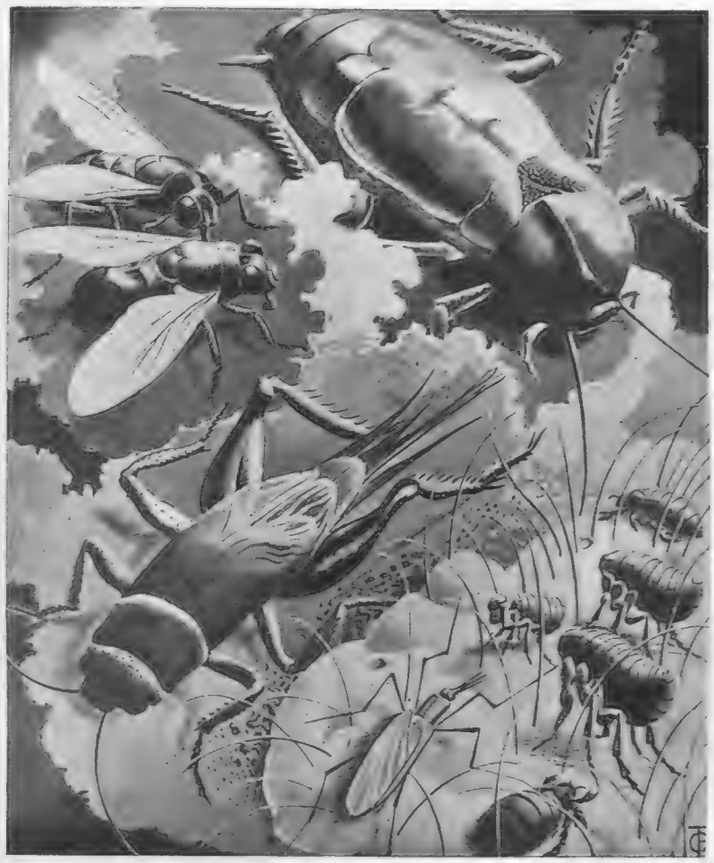

. . . . . upon their backs to bite 'em, and little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*." The significance of this jingle should need no emphasis in war-time. Man is the recognised meat of blood-suckers like fleas, bugs and lice, and his property and the crumbs that fall from his table feed an army of insect pests like houseflies, crickets, cockroaches and clothes moths. Even in these temperate and sheltered islands there are six species of flea and three of lice which may attack human beings. We are prone to dismiss them too lightly, especially at the present. History shows plainly how parasitic insects have, for example, by spreading typhus and plague from rat to human being, caused death-rolls higher than the deadliest weapons of man's devising. In Britain we owe an immunity from such insect-borne diseases to our cleanly habits, and the unremitting vigilance of our health authorities, backed by the research of our scientists and the products of our chemical industry. Research has unravelled the mysteries of infection and the complex life histories of pests and parasites : the chemist has provided an extensive armoury of dusts, sprays, fumigants and disinfectants with which to attack them, either directly or by assisting man to keep his house, clothes and person clean and wholesome. War has intensified old problems and created new ones. Evacuation, crowded tubes and air raid shelters, congested camps, the dispersal of foodstuffs in store and warehouse have all given pests better opportunities of contact and scattered them over wide areas. Air traffic has increased the danger of new pests and diseases. The health services are on their toes to protect the community. At their back the British chemical industry is constantly at work to maintain the output of essential insecticides and to discover new ones in order to uphold the nation's immunity from insect-borne disease.

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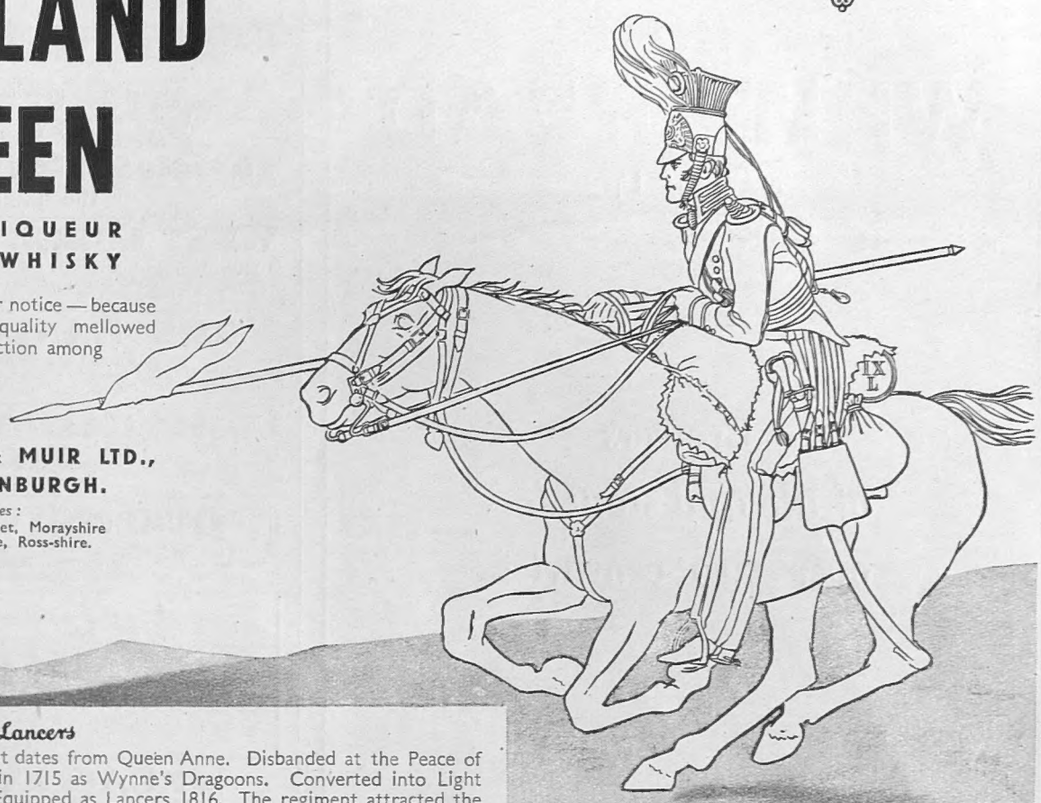

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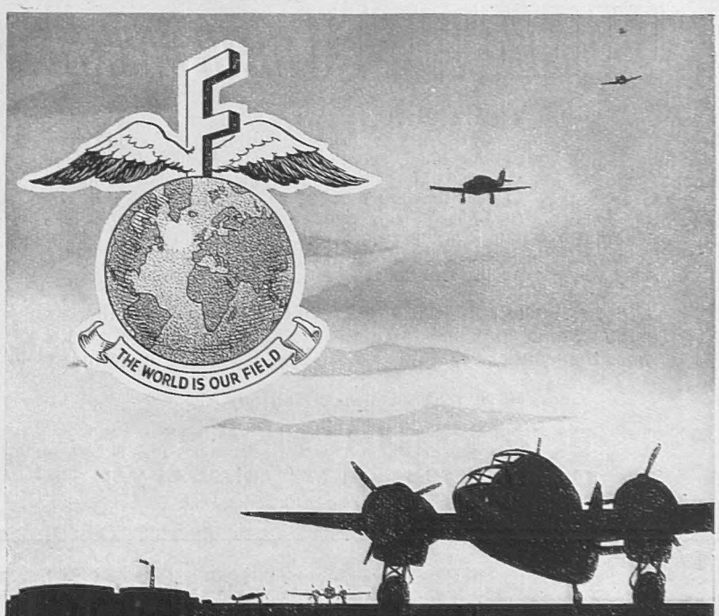

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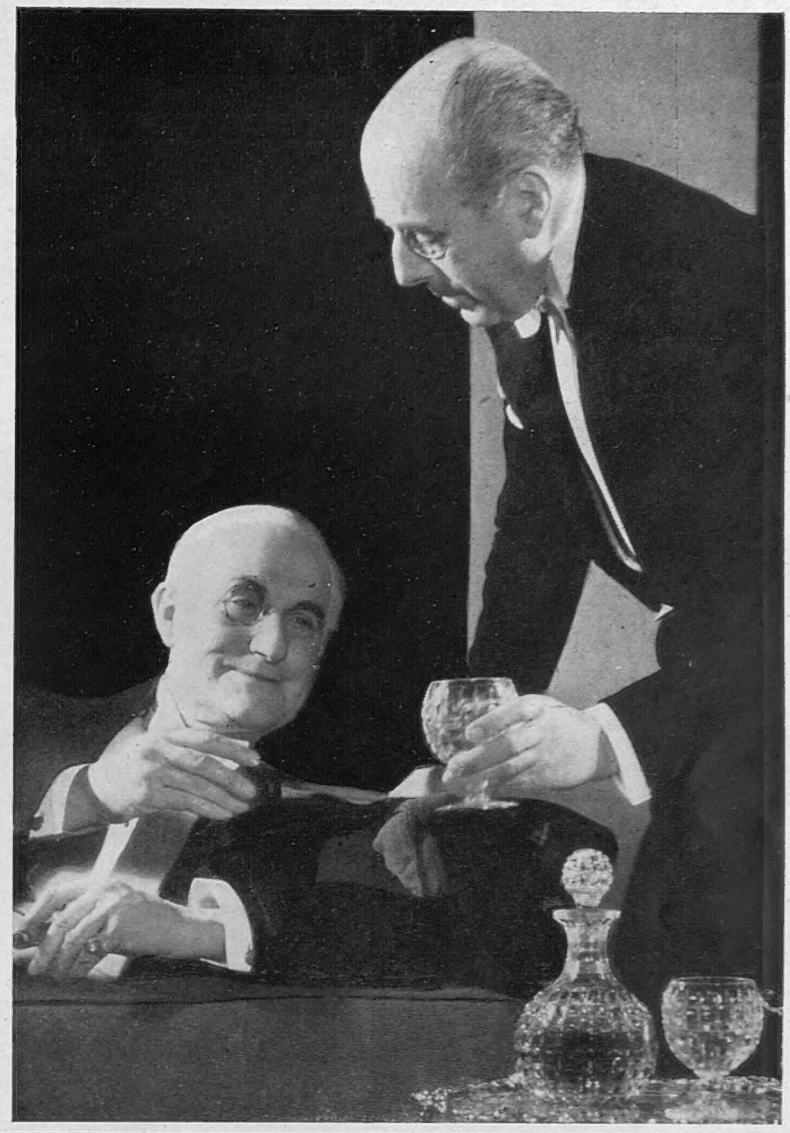

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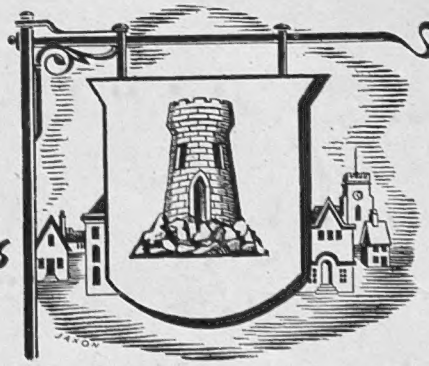

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